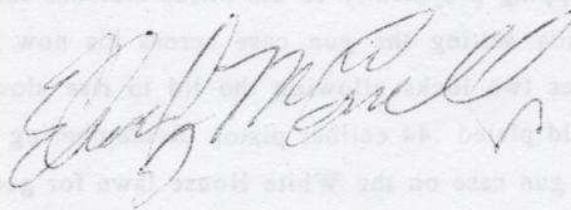


A M E R I C A II

By **Ralph and Edward McConnell**



-Preface-

Looking through the two way mirror,
Gagged she can not speak.
This is the end my beautiful friend.
The words resounded through my head.
Beneath the cold damp ground I sit.
The place which kindles my love of man,
Inside my humble pit.

A long black couch cradles Montgomery comfortably as he writes in a black leather bound journal. Disgusted he throws the book against the wall reaches under the couch and retrieves a cedar gun case slams it on the smoky black glass table and irately hollers "satisfied bitch!". Staggering across the cement floor with a bottle of Jack in hand he affectionately stretches his arms outward, smiles, and presses his cheek against the cool glass of the two way mirror. Behind the glass, a room of white padded walls and floor playing host to a sixteen year old African American girl in the name of justifiable enjoyment. "The end, this is the end beautiful friend, of our elaborate plan!" he horrifically screams into the microphone pumping the cheap crackling speakers inside searing the deepest most parts of his helpless victims mind. Back to the coffee table he skips then dropping prayerfully to his knees clutches the gun case lovingly and begins to cradle it. Gently setting the gun case across his now crossed legs a swift flick of the thumbs releases two locks allowing the lid to rise slowly open on its miniature hinges revealing a gold plated .44 caliber pistol. Remembering the day President Johnson handed him the cedar gun case on the White House lawn for good service during the Viet-nameese war Monty could not control the smile breaking all over his face. Beauty was her name engraved on either side of the barrel. She spoke sweet things to this man and he kissed her regularly with devoted love. "You have never let me down" he said thankfully as each and every time they spent together. Torn from the loving grasp on her barrel he sprang from

the floor reached over to an end table and grabbed the receiver of his red telephone answering "what". "yea---, what's the deal---, ok--, I'll talk to you then---, of course--, bye Harry" he spoke then slammed the receiver down.

Moping across the floor he walked with the microphone in hand to the cassette deck where he pressed "play". "And he walked on down the hallway babe," he sang with Morrison. "And he came to a door, and he looked inside, father, yes son, I want to kill you," he hollered into the microphone then pulled the forty four from the case. "Mother I want to," even louder he screamed and fired a round shattering the mirror raising the victims blood shot, swollen, tearing eyes to meet his. "Fuck you baby all night long, fuck you my mama all night long, yea, yea". She broke into a shiver as her eyes rolled into her head and she started to hyperventilate. He had finally broken her. Gagging, choking and gasping for air, the ecstasy could only get higher as he stepped through the window frame where a piece of glass fell before him shattering his reflection, tore the gag from her mouth, shoved the entire barrel of the forty four down her throat, fired three rounds through the back of her neck and smiled. "Was it as good for you as it was for me, sister," he spoke with one hand clutching her hair and the other massaging his erection then steadily retreated from the soundproof basement to his bedroom where he would sleep.

Ah, another crisp beautiful morn' has graced Montgomery Joseph Risen as a Bluebird sang happily on Monty's windowsill waking him from his sleep. Without warning the Bluebird found himself another victim of this ruthless Joe. when he reached for a .22 caliber pistol safely snuggled beneath his pillow and blew that sweet little Bluebirds head clean off.

Dragging his hands roughly up and down his face Monty rolled his eyes when he felt the patches of stubble growing on his chin and sideburns. Struggling from the waterbed stale alcohol permeating the room induced his vomiting into the black garbage pail aside the night stand. Reaching for the Mickey Mouse telephone atop the stand he dialed and spoke "Marcy, I'll need you over to clean around six," then dropped the receiver on the floor. Sauntering down the hot pink hallway Monty cracked a half cocked smile and waved to himself in the mirror at the far end. At the end of the hall a perfect ninety degree turn put him directly in front of his basement door. A quick seven digit pass number released the triple dead bolt locking system from the Iron case door frame. The army green security door was one of Monty's most prized household possessions. He felt he stole it for three hundred from the annual military auction at Fort Indian Town Gap. The sound of the triple dead bolt locking behind him echoed down the staircase piercing the silence. "If only someone were here to awaken," he thought. A disgusted look fell over his face as he realized he'd broken the two way mirror. It took three weeks to get the quarter inch thick by six foot square mirror on a military QT delivery and eight hours of manual labor to install it himself. Cigarette butts and beer cans made for an interesting obstacle course this morning as Monty stumbled across the floor barefoot to a black aluminum door on the far side of his couch. A rush of warm air massaged his face as he opened the door to a darkened room with a red glowing light accenting the edges of a pit. A loud splash resounded from the pit when he threw the lights on waking George and Gracy his eleven year old alligators who after five days of famine were voraciously hungry. Staring at the pit (10x20 1/2water) which always seemed so small he wondered if they'd ever mate.

As he tugged his female guest over the sill by her cold blackish blue wrists and into the gators room he became increasingly disgusted over his sloppiness. George and Gracy began snapping at each other as the smell of her blood incited a ravenous hunger. Monty dragged the body around the pit a few times then hefted it up and chucked her over the chicken wire fence. In an instant George snapped an arm clean off while Gracy ripped into the ribcage then the two paused half way through their meal. The gators never left a bone uneaten but they never quite enjoyed human as much as beef. Turning from the pit Monty then began unraveling a garden hose from its spool and proceeded to rinse the blood from both rooms into a central drain. Watching the water and blood swirl together he daydreamed.

The sound of mortar fire shattered his eardrum as he stood on the cobblestone road looking down the body filled street. The rain was beating relentlessly into his eyes as he fired the M-60 at a hillside ahead. From between two huts a village girl leapt onto a fellow soldiers back. Clinging to this soldier with everything she had she looked at young Montgomery, pulled the pin from a grenade and smiled as the two were splattered by metal shrapnel.

The cleanup, breakfast, shower and shave left Monty feeling clean and alert as he opened the door of his two hundred thousand dollar home nestled in the hills of Lake Scranton Pennsylvania. With the power, speed and agility of his nineteen eighty six Porsche 944 Monty arrived at the Wilkes-Barre- Scranton International airport in minutes.

"May I help you sir," the petit blond at the ticket counter spoke with available curiosity to the well dressed distinguished looking Montgomery as he tapped the solid gold with raised letter key chain reading "Porsche" on her countertop. "Yes," Monty seductively answered. "You have a reservation for Charlie Sanderson." "One moment sir," she replied fumbling across the keyboard. "First class," knowingly questioning. "Of course," Monty responded distractedly as he watched a bead of sweat form atop her Larynx and roll sweetly down her chest disappearing into her cleavage. "Here it is, first class to L.A. with an hour hold over in Pittsburgh," "How will you be paying." "CASH!"

"Mr. Customs Man," roaring through Monty's Sony Discman attracted the attention of a long haired, colorful dressed, hippie type as the 747 touched down at Los Angeles international airfield. As the plane taxied to the terminal a quick look at his Rolex

confirmed the time, five minutes ahead of schedule. Exiting the 747 he noticed two large men dressed in gray tweed suits, one of them cupping his hand over his ear to more clearly receive transmissions from the miniature ear piece. Reaching into his jacket Monty popped the snap on his gun strap holding a ceramic forty five then retrieved his two hundred dollar sunglasses and casually stopped to put them on.

The scene was slow motion as the two men began shoving through the line of passengers and Monty's trigger finger twitched. Just as he slid his hand back into the jacket the two men latched onto the hippy who so smugly smiled at Monty's music moments earlier. They wrenched his arms behind his back, flung him against the wall, and began rummaging through a camera case where they pulled a kilo of coke from a secret compartment in the bottom. Monty withdrew his hand and smirked to himself, "feeling a little paranoid old boy," he thought.

An old woman stood just outside the airport doors with a cardboard sign reading Charlie Sanderson. Monty's eyes widened as he rushed through the doors extending his arms around the old woman. "Aunt Millie, it's been twenty years," he announced as a tear dripped slowly from his chin and they climbed into a cab together. Not a word was spoken, only a key passed possession by the time the cab reached a parking building eight miles from the airport.

The clatter of Monty's black polished dress shoes echoed through the nearly empty eleventh floor of the parking garage. Lot 247 coincided correctly with the number on the key chain, it contained a brand new silver Lexus. The smell of new car titillated Monty as he started from the parking garage.

Pulling into the parking lot of the "Stop and Go" motel a cute brunet caught Monty's eye just as the instruction tape ended. The target was Vincent Covelli second to head of the Lockheed Aerospace corporation. Location, Riverside road seven miles north of Lockheed. Thankfully target time was tomorrow evening, allowing Monty a night of rest.

Out of his bed young Monty sprang and ran to the window where he saw his father staggering from the family wagon "she don't want me--, fucking bitch," the words slurred from his fathers mouth as he slammed the car door. With a heavy crash the front door shook the house. "Clarice, wake up," he called stumbling through their bedroom door spilling whiskey along his trail. "Not now Monty." "You're my wife, now get your ass up

and fuck me." "Not now--, I'm sick," begging she answered. Monty's mother screamed as his father slapped her across the face, drug her to her feet and threw her out of the bedroom...

The scream of the ambulances siren awakened Monty as it raced down the street in front of the hotel. He noticed the taste of tears on his lips when he rubbed his face and gasped the cool air conditioned air into his lungs. Sliding his hand under the pillow his fingers met the smooth surface of his leather bound journal.

Oh, mother where have you gone,

Oh, father cannot you sing a song.

When the broken street light beams through my window,

and my eyes open to the beautiful night,

My devoted love, my wonderful mother,

where did you go,

why did you die.

Monty wrote; then slammed the journal closed, jumped from the bed, ran to the bathroom, bent prayerfully before the toilet and vomited.

The Budweiser sign in the window of the broken down tavern across the street severed the darkness capturing Monty's interest. So after a quick shower and a change of identical cloths he stepped into the warm damp air of this California night. The town seemed awfully quiet until he opened the tavern door to a crowded, smoke filled scene of conversation and smashing of pool balls. Dressed to kill he endeavored to sit between two women at the center of the bar. "What'll you have," the throwback to disco behind the bar inquired. "Tequila, no lemon no salt," Monty answered staring through his mirrored sunglasses at a tall, dark, deadly looking woman. "Make that two doubles, I've got em'," she spoke then laied her long black fingers across Monty's thigh. "I'll buy the first two, you buy the rest." "No need," Monty assured then pulled a gold money clip holding more hundreds than this call girl had ever seen. After finishing the bottle and purchasing another for the road they relieved themselves from the bar and staggered to his motel room.

Her feet were like ice on his as he laid there just awakened. Kicking the side of the bed she awoke like any woman cute and innocent. "Gather your composure, get a shower your money is on the night stand." "No need for a shower," she answered throwing the covers off her still fully clothed body. "Was it as good for you as it was for me," she said laughing then took her money and vacated the room.

A generous portion of pancakes, eggs, bacon and three cups of coffee set Monty on his way. Twenty minutes from the restaurant Monty reached his destination, the parking plaza at the West Chester Mall where he pulled sharply into lot 492 along side a nineteen ninety four Cadillac Eldorado which he would use for the duration of his mission. After locking the Lexus Monty opened the unlocked door of the Caddy, punched a four digit keycode, started the car and peeled from the lot.

The time was now six P.M. as he drove down Rt. 43 obeying the speed limit carefully. "thirty three minutes ahead of schedule," he thought as he looked in the rear view mirror, saw no one was around and swiftly turned down the dusty trail. Fifty five miles on rough Rt. 43 left Monty sore, thirsty and tired. He tipped the seat back, grabbed a Budweiser from a brown paper bag he had been carrying from the restaurant, set an alarm on his watch for eight forty five, chugged the beer and drifted in and out of sleep.

My dear Helena:

These days of lying on our backs has been digging into my mind. Ever since our last talk together in Memphis I've been craving the opportunity to fight for our country

This tropical climate gives life to thousands of pests and infections which have broken out several times in our battalion. I love you like our country and hope to plant my feet firmly in both places. I would do anything to command an active battalion but the way it looks now I'll be lucky to see the enemy. A roomer has been circulating that our platoon will soon be commissioned for a code blue mission. Oh, how I pray each night there will be the smallest truth in this. Sweet Helena, my love to you and Country as I look out over this moon lit canopy. The stars shine red white and blue.

With devoted love, Monty

McConnell-7-America II

The digital jangle of the alarm woke Monty to a slight drizzle outside. "Fifteen minutes to zero," Monty thought. These jobs had become increasingly boring they left no comparison to the days in Beijing. After a quick Pall Mall Monty opened the door and walked around to the trunk and opened it. under a false floor the trunk held two 9mm Berettas, a sawed off shot gun, four grenades and a stinger shoulder fired S.A.M.. The Stinger would be all he'd need tonight. In the red light of the trunk Monty stood mesmerized by the weapon for almost ten minutes. A short two minute walk to an open field near the road soiled Monty's dress shoes. At twenty seconds the white fog lights and sound of the chopper told Monty it was time. "Come on baby," Monty said as he put the cross hairs on the lights and switched on the Stinger. The high pitched squeal of the Stinger sent shivers down Monty's spine as he depresses the trigger. Clapping his heels together and saluting Monty watched the helicopter explode. As the scorched burning pieces of man and metal raced toward the ground Montgomery Joseph Risen remembered.

Monty served his time and Uncle Sam said it was time to go home. The stars, stripes, and Medals looked heavy on Monty's chest as the helicopter lifted from the Vietnamese soil. His orders came through three days ago and ever since he did nothing but mope and hope for a change in orders. The only thing he had to look forward to at home was Helena. Although she was second in his heart the fact still remained she was only second. At seven hundred fifty feet the foreign landscape looked peaceful as the chopper raced out over the ocean. Active duty ended two weeks ago and now this. Monty had given quite the service to his country during this conflict and President Johnson sent him an invitation to visit the White House for this years Fourth of July. Nevertheless, the news to come home left Monty sick to his stomach. Seven miles out over the ocean the choppers engine quit sending them into a tight spiral. fifty feet from the surface they exploded. the last thing Monty remembered was inflating his life vest. Seven days later on the Fourth of July he awoke from a coma inside a Vietnamese prison camp.

As the last piece of debris fell into the field Monty slipped away. Another cheep Motel would harbor him tonight but first he ditched the Stinger in a nearby drainage ditch. Tomorrow he would head to Reno for a bit of gambling and relaxation

With two hundred thirty seven miles behind Montgomery he pulled into a long wide driveway leading to a large house in Reno. Turning the engine off he quietly coasted down.

the driveway trying not to alert the owner of his presence. He crept around one side of the house following the sound of garden shears. From behind a patch of tall rose bushes he gazed at the unsuspecting middle aged Negro man trimming his hedges. The tight shorts and tank top showed off this mans large muscular body. As Monty slowly reached into his jacket pulling the Beretta out. A smile broke from his face, he secretly moved from bush to bush trying to avoid this mans eye. Sound was not a factor because the man was listening to some light rock channel on his walkman. When he got close enough Monty lunged forward poking the tip of the barrel into the back of the mans neck. As he raised his hands Monty pulled the headphones from his head and quietly spoke "What's up stranger." "Monty? is that you?," he answered turning cautiously around. "How the hell are you Jack, I was in the neighborhood and thought I'd invite myself." "Anytime Mont, you know that, how about a drink." "That's been in order two years," Montgomery replied.

"Quite the set up you've got here Jack," Monty commented as he scanned the basement bar room. The entire room was done in oak on stucco with a large bar, lots of mirror work, regulation pool table with engraved woodwork and an eight man Jacuzzi in the corner. A big screen television and laser disc player shared one wall along with an immense stereo system and speakers. "Music?," Jack asked. "Not yet Jack."

Jack was a good looking black man with a large muscular build and milk chocolate colored shin. he had always been a ladies man, never married. Montgomery and Jack had met at a social event in Washington during the early eighties. Later they worked as instructors at the C.I.A. training agents in clandestine operations from 85-87. During that time they grew quite close until Jack left the agency to work freelance as a computer programmed. Monty soon followed but didn't go totally underground until 89'.

"Let me catch a shower, relax, make yourself at home." "Thanks Jack." Jack became one of only a few people Monty ever truly befriended but as two years passed from there last rendezvous feelings toward Jack didn't seem the same anymore. On the bar were two pictures one of Jack with the five finalists for Ms. America 1991 and one of himself and Jack in Hawaii on Monty's birthday. He couldn't get over the smile on his face as he tried remembering a time he'd been nearly as happy. He also wondered if Jack would feel the same if he'd known where he was the night before.

Montgomery Risen and Jack Filmore stumbled, bottles in hand, down the strip in Wildwood discussing friendship. "You know Mont, friendship isn't time spent, it's---, words meant," Jack half slurred. "If you ever need me, have something, anything, you need to get off your chest; I will listen, indiscriminately." "Indiscriminately, indiscriminately, indiscriminately---" the words echoed and faded as he found himself staring at Jack's face in the picture wondering.

Jack stood in the doorway sopping wet and naked. "Hey, is this the dark body women adore? Of course it is," Jack answered himself. Monty shook his head and chuckled at his obvious insecurity. Jack could always catch and reel them in but every time he wondered if he'd come up short. Maybe that's why Jack never married. He hadn't been able to fully satisfy women regardless of his African genitalia.

A few minutes later Jack reentered the room fully decked out in a fashionable black outfit. "So what's the deal Mont, why the visit, not that I mind." "Let's just say I'm still underground and I'd rather crash here than in some solitary bed and breakfast." "Suits me Mont, what did you have in mind for tonight." "Well, if you don't have anything better to do, I figured we could drink, drive, gamble and get laid, Wouldn't want any Reno women missing out on any of that irresistible charm of yours Jack." "Sounds good how long were you planin' on staying." "Probably no more than a few days." "Ok then, let's round us up some old time atmosphere," Jack exclaimed as he popped "Love Me Two Times" by the doors into the CD player, cranked the volume, opened the drawer to his cigarette case, retrieved an extra large joint, lit it and drew a hefty lung full of the pungent acrid smoke. Monty proceeded to do the same. In moments the two no longer cared.

"Tomorrow we'll have highs in the mid to upper eighties with no chance of any precipitation, the low will be around sixty. Sunday and Monday look about the same, back to you Lisa." "Thanks Jim now on to sports." At least the weather will be nice for the party Sebastian thought. "--- with Phoenix 1. In local sports the 32nd annual 15k run walk to benefit Community Health Center will start promptly at the corner of Main and Jackson. This is Hank Roach with KLTv sports." "We'll be back after these messages." "At Jack Hoff Tire and Lube we specialize in ---" "Martha on your way into the living room would you bring me a Coors and the evening paper." "Sure," came echoing down the hallway to Sebastian who sat on a large pit couch in a living room almost as large as a small home. "For the temporary relief of swollen hemoroidal tissues try ---" "Mai Lei your ride is outside," Sebastian calls. Mai Lei was his adopted Vietnamese daughter who had turned thirteen today and was on her way out to the mall with friends for a "Girls night out." whatever that means. "Tomorrow there will be fireworks all over our area so be sure to get out there, drive safe and sober and please leave the fireworks up to the professionals. This is Lisa Martinez for Hank and Jim, have a good night." Martha enters through the main arch carrying two twelve ounce Coors Lights, the paper, various mail and there twenty two inch long baby Pepper, a Reticulated Python of incredible coloration.

His wife was a beautiful woman, forty, but you don't tell anyone more than thirty-five. The youngest woman ever elected to the U.S. Senate. He was very happy for her and it was a grèat asset your wife being a Senator. But after four years of missed birthdays and anniversaries he was beginning to wonder if President wasn't going to be worse. "Martha I love you," he said as she handed him a very cold bottle. "When is the news coming on," she said even as the music began. Music, for the news, maybe we could cut the music and give us a little more pertinent information but I forget that's Entertainment. "Tonight our lead story is another aftershock in Japan measuring 4.6 on the Richter scale. For a live report ---" "Do you have your speech ready for tomorrow?" "Yes dear I do. Do you have clean underwear in case you get into trouble," Laughing Sebastian calls her attention to the news. On the screen was a horrible image twenty or more bodies killed by

mortar fire. "Oh my God! What if that happens here Sebastion. What if we are forced into a situation like that one." "We have the advantage of or maybe I should say disadvantage of having nuclear weapons. I don't think it will go that far. Besides, all we can do is try to prevent something like that." Mai Lei coming down the stairs interrupts the discussion. She was dressed in faded blue jeans and a Green Day concert tee shirt. That was an experience he and Martha would never forget. Fifteen thousand screaming fans, loud music and enough dope smoke in the air to remind him of the sixties and Vietnam. "Dad what time do I have to be home, can I stay out until eleven?" "I think you better be home at ten it's going to be a very long day tomorrow," said Martha. "But dear since its her birthday I think we could let her stay out untill ten thirty," Sebastion countered. His daughter was the only reason he lived and breathed. That was why he was always on her side and always be there for her. "Well OK, but you better take a jacket, It might get cold tonight Is Mrs. Johnson taking you to the mall." "Yes mom, love ya' both," She yelled as the front door closed and she was gone. They both remembered the day they brought her home from the adoption clinic only eight months old but big and beautiful. They fell in love instantly.

As the news ended his wife put Pepper in her cage and proceeded to the kitchen. For a change she was going to do the dishes. Sebastion got up and walked over to the entertainment center, turned off the television and put on some music, much to loud. He sat down and began to read the newspaper. The newspaper was no more interesting than the TV news but at least there were the funnies. His wife, having completed the dishes was on her way for a bath. She hoped he would join her in a little while. He thought this was a fantastic idea but played disinterested to his wife's chagrin. Upon completion of the crossword he bound up the stairs three at a time. In seconds he saw the dark naked skin of his wife slip beneath the water and he wanted her. Maybe more so now than on the first time he'd seen her. Shedding his gun and clothing, leaving then in a haphazard line through the bathroom he reached the tub, removed his boxers and got into the water. His wife's skin felt hot and smooth in the pulsating jets of the jacuzzi tub. She touched his face and they made love silently and quickly ending with screams by his wife and himself. After a quick shower they moved to the bedroom with two fresh beers and continued their night of passion. At ten forty five Sebastion Connors was sound asleep when his daughter

crept into the back door.

At eleven thirty the town fire whistle less than a mile from their home began whaling away for what seemed like ten minutes. Sebastian went to the window and seen the orange glow of an abandoned garage several blocks away get brighter as more flames came through the roof. "Looks like we're going to lose the eye sore down the street." He said as he got into bed and went back to sleep. Across the state and across the nation everyone was eagerly awaiting Independence Day.

July 4

An old bell type alarm clock rattled Arthur Bunker from his bed. "Five am" he grumbled as he started into his usual routine. Arthur a sixty nine year old veteran who never saw action but boasted proudly of it sat softly in his rocking chair A rich parchment bound together would be endowed with Arthurs words.

It was an average morning this Fourth of July. By six thirty I had already washed cloths, did the dishes, made the bed, showered and shaved. Victoria called me at seven while I was eating my breakfast. She insisted on accompanying me to church. If I had known she'd keep me talking the entire forty five minute drive to St. Anns I might have declined. I remember Father Poe giving a wonderful sermon. If it wasn't for his lisp his speech would have been more understandable. It was something about Sodom and Gomorra and living in a parallel time. He surely is an eloquent speaker but sometimes he looses me in vocabulary.

"John the owner of our corner store told me yesterday that Brenda Cliens daughter's husband's brother, you know the one in the priesthood, is coming to St. Thomas," Thelma Cole a seventy five year old widow from Frog Town whispered into Arthur's ear trying not to arouse to much attention. "Oh yea, I didn't know the Cleins had a daughter," he answered. "Yes she's out in Pittsburgh, divorced he and his first wife ya' know, and black to boot." "Black!!, in our church. We have a few colored in town but in the cloth. I'll be speaking to Father Clambone about this," Atrhur quietly whispered into Thelma's ear.

With his daughter to his right Thelma to his left and God on his side Arthur drifted off to sleep for the duration of the service. After a few nudges to his side Tina woke him and the two departed from the church where they felt cleansed of the dirt water can't wash.

After services Tina insisted we stop for a cup of coffee and spend some "Quality time together!" I never knew at what point in my child's life this phrase came to be known but it sent shivers through my body every time I heard it. So of course I was delayed further from my schedule again. We arrived at Vandon's restaurant by nine thirty.

"You know dad, you ought to find someone to keep your company. Someone, to talk to," Tina stated in an inquiring way. "I knew this would come up, ever since your mother's death I knew this would come up," Arthur dreadfully stated. "Don't get so excited." "Do you think I need some woman waiting on the porch with her pocketbook when I get home, your mother was the only woman I wanted. Sure I see an occasional female that catches my eye but either there too young or stupid. Anyhow none of them are good enough to sign papers with and furthermore I cant see myself cuddling up to some woman for what's left of my life, kissin' ass," lost in breath Arthur rattled. "That was a mouthful, sorry I asked," Tina replied. the two sat in silence all the way home after that.

My wife died five years ago. She was the most beautiful woman I had ever laid eyes on. The poor woman was sick her entire life but I loved and cared for her anyway I finally arrived home at ten thirty, removed my church cloths and began to relax. The day was becoming increasingly irritable and hopefully it would get better. I sat in my favorite chair and turned the radio on. I never believed in those Devilish picture-boxes.

"It's ten thirty five, I'm howling Mat Catrell signing over to Melisa Melborn, take it away Melisa." "Thanks Tom, this mornings top story comes from Warton. An anonymous tip from a viewer led us and the police to a horrible animal abuse case. Four miles off Dark Valley road an illegal kennel being run by Winston Brown, jailed this morning, was harboring fifty Grey Hounds reportedly stolen from a breeder in Ohio. The dogs were all

suffering from dehydration and starvation. They were rushed to an Ohio Veterinary hospital for immediate attention. "What's the big deal about a bunch of dogs, drown the bastards like we did in the old days and save the tax payers some money," Arthur thought as he fell asleep.

At Five A.M. Sebastian awoke and went downstairs to a large bowl of Cheerios. Upon completing his breakfast he went to the basement and worked out. As much to tone his mind as his body. It was going to be a long day with enormous tasks to be completed. The first was wake the family and cook them pancakes for breakfast.

His wife was already up when he reached the kitchen on his way for a shower. She agreed to wake up Mai Lei while he took a shower. Twenty minutes later wet and cold he was thrown out of the bathroom by his daughter. He dried off and then got dressed while watching CNN. He went downstairs to coffee with Martha where they discussed plans for the day. When his daughter came down at seven he cooked her breakfast and answered about fifteen phone calls. Handling each by first hearing the problem and after a brief look to see if anything was burning, rattle off the answer. Due to call waiting, a horrible invention, he couldn't put down the receiver for at least forty five minute. By that time he had to leave to pick up the Ryder truck with all the supplies in it. Four more car phone calls and he was on his way to the base.

At Eight A.M. he went through security without even a glance from his friend Sgt. Tanner. The day was off to a great start as He drove down the rapidly diminishing flight line. Ten F-15's, F/A-18's, and fifteen F-111's and on the other side of the building with the firecrackers in it, one megaton firecrackers, two guards near the entrance who were both hoping for a beer and food handout waved. He would make sure they got it. On the other end of the flight line were eight B-1B's, some tankers and AWACS planes. A half a mile beyond was the site of the future owners of this base, Washington-Conners Aerospace.

THE TAKEOVER

3

By nine a.m. the party was in full swing. Most were already armed and if not they would be. The Mayor of Los Vegas Ron Chapman called to tell him everything was in place, he talked to José and Martin and they would be in complete control of their respective targets by twelve twenty. Everything was going to come off without a hitch and Sebastion was happy that the three years of planning would pass the ultimate test.

At ten thirty he assembled his group and began to assign squad leaders and assignments. He took the group assigned to the armory. That was going to be the hardest, no gunfire in the building, and they had no one on the inside. The two guys on the outside would be a piece of cake. Three more inside guarding the nuclear weapons, maybe less. The fact that the nukes were even there was unbelievable. They were supposed to be moved out by now because Washington-Connors' takeover of the base was to be completed by August first. Their presence here and the B-1's to deliver them was a major bonus. It meant there could be no retaliation without heavy debate.

The plan was for the people to spread out to facilitate a quicker response at zero hour. The briefing was over by quarter after eleven and the people began to gravitate toward their targets, a baseball game here softball and football over there. He and his squad after hitting the head and loading their supplies had a few minutes before they had to leave. They began playing Frisbee and Sebastion thought it was kind of funny that these same men in less than an hour would be attacking an American nuclear weapons stockpile. There were twenty of them. Three of them besides Sebastion were former military the rest, well trained at the "Fishing Camp", for the last five years. Their weapons were hidden in the back of four jeeps carrying them up. They would lure the guards out for a few beers and food. Then the other three trucks would come up to reinforce their position.

There was barely a soul as they rode up the flight line. "Picking the fourth of July was a good idea and kind of fitting for a revolution," Sebastion said as they approached the building. The guards got up and walked over to the Jeep, saw it was Sebastion and

smiled. "Hello boys, I brought over some beers and sandwiches. You interested?" "Heck yea Mr. Connors. What about Staff Sgt. Johnson and Private Kale inside." "The more the merrier," said Sebastion with a wide grin. They got out of the Jeep and began to open up a cooler and ready the food. They had more than five minutes until noon, when everything was to begin. While one private chugged a beer the other used his radio to call his buddies inside. Less than a minute later a fat Sgt. with Private in tow burst through the door. Sgt. Whats-his-name went straight to the beer. It was amazing how fast this huge whale of a man could move. Sebastion noticed that both the men who had came out of the building weren't armed, this was ridiculous, to think he was worried an hour ago. He gave the signal and the four of them pulled their side arms and took over one of the largest caches of nuclear weapons in the state of Nevada. The reinforcements arrived a minute later and Sebastion began to assign sentry and loading positions. The prisoners were taken to the brig and He'd decided to take a tour of his new military might. Inside were long rows of racks. Anything and everything to wage war, five hundred or more air to air missiles on one rack alone. They began to thread there way toward the rear of the structure. The sheer volume of weapons was over powering and they had yet to reach the nukes which stood behind a high fence halfway down the length of the building.

The door in the fence was open and they stepped through. Outside sporadic gunfire erupted as the other units took over the understaffed Air Force Base. On the floor were twenty five long crates that contained the drive portion of the Tomahawk cruise missile. These had yet to be assembled. But less than ten feet away from them were twenty more ready for flight. They were armed with 250 kiloton warheads and could destroy a small city from over 800 miles away from there launch aircraft. "I want one of those B-1's prepped and on the flight line with eight of these on board in one hour," Sebastion barked to his men. Around the rest of the warehouse were nukes ranging from 1 kiloton artillery shells to a 3 megaton blockbuster. "Gentlemen I want that in another B-1 ready for scramble in two hours." "Sebastion this is Martha," the radio squawked, " We have the base, airport and communication. Ron hasn't called in yet but I don't foresee any problems there." "Excellent, what about the state police and reserves." "There calling in now, José said he lost three men but has all but five cars under control. I'll report back at quarter after.Out." Sebastion surveyed the scene around him with an ever widening

smile. "Ok men carry on I have to get back to H.Q. " "This is Johnson at the front gate calling Sebastion." "Sebastion here go ahead." "The flight crews are here. They should be there in ten minutes. I've sent the excess men over to the flight line to help get up the air cover. We also have the perimeter of the base posted with sentries every mile." "Sounds good boss, keep up the good work. Martha this is Sebastion call the tower and tell them they'll have planes to take care of in ten minutes. Good luck with your news conference." "You won't be here?" "I don't think I can make it, your on in fifteen minutes. Love ya', over and out."

Across the state of Nevada a change was taking place, out with the old and in with new. Within fifteen minutes all the eyes of the world would be on Martha Washington-Connors as she told the state of Nevada that due to unequal representation and excessive taxation, her and fifteen thousand others had revolted.

As Sebastion left for the command center he thought back to the day he and his wife were talking about why she'd gotten into politics. She told him that the day they buried Martin Luther King Jr. she knew that for the sake of all people change must come. His wife a revolutionary, the thought was almost funny except for that very realistic image of a treason trial and a firing squad. Sebastion got into the Jeep and proceeded to the command center. On the way he drove past an AWACS about to taxi out to the runway. This was a very good sign.

"We the people of United Nevada hold these truths to be self evident, that all people are created equal regardless of sex, color or creed. That all people are free to pursue their goals in any way they see fit. That government is but an extension of the people and therefore must serve the people or die. We regret that the United States government no longer performs this service for it's people. Therefore we've seceded from the union with these reasons: The ideals of freedom for all, the lack of equal representation, incredible taxation and almost no return on our money. My fellow Nevadan's please let me allay your fears that we are attempting to destroy democracy. This action was taken to prevent the further demise of our constitutional rights and privileges. Voting will commence as soon as August 1st if all goes well. Until that time Nevada will be ruled by a provisional government consisting of myself, five Nevada congressmen, the governor, mayors of both Reno and Las Vegas along with the dean of the University of Nevada. We hope all of you will want to stay but if you desire to emigrate we will be more than willing to allow you to leave. By the same token all wishing to enter will be accepted as full citizens of our new nation. We will have another press release available to all agencies for the six o'clock news. Thank you." The press conference ended as quickly as it began and the minds of millions of Americans reeled. What was happening, where was the President and was this some kind of a joke. If it was it wasn't funny.

Martha called Sebastian on the base phone to tell him that she was done with the press release and was on her way over. Sebastian's stomach growled as he thought of the phone calls now streaming into the White House and possibly out of it. He hoped their phone call would not be taken as a joke. Using the radio Sebastian calls to an F-111 taxiing onto the runway, "Red dog this is Eagle, do you read." "Read you loud and clear Eagle. Go ahead." "Red dog you must launch that missile precisely at twelve fifty. Do you understand over." "Eagle this is Red dog copy and understand. See you on the flip side." "Good luck and God speed," Sebastian said as his wife and daughter entered the bunker. "Mai Lei are you ready for your new job," said Colonel Smith as he took her out a side door at Sebastian's request. He did not want her here for the conference call to Washington. There was bound to be threats, some of which were nuclear in nature, and he

didn't want to scare her.

I remember the news cast well. I couldn't believe my ears when that nigger queen Martha Washington addressed the nation. The day they let niggers in the government I gave up on this country and wished the Good Lord would bring me home away from all these animals. It was different during the war. Men were men, blacks were blacks and "by God" Christ could tell us apart. There was no equality bullshit either. Women were pure and stood by their husbands knowing their place in the home. My wife for how sick she was provided us with a clean home and good food for twenty-eight years. Sometimes my faith weakens wondering if God has given up. I realize though, temptation has been knocking at my door and I fall to my knees and pray for redemption.

Meanwhile at the White House President Hilton picked up the secured line to the Pentagon and was told to turn on the television. As he watched shock gave over to rage then resignation. He quickly gathered his wits about him when the normal phone line began flashing, he answered and for the first time of many to come Sebastion Connors and President Hilton talked. It was quarter to one and he had only a few minutes to talk to the President before a Maverick air-to-surface missile would knock out the microwave repeater they were using for their phone call.

"Mr. President may I extend my deepest regrets that it had to come to revolution." "I hope you understand Mr. Connors that the United States can not allow you to continue this travesty." "Please Mr. President we have nowhere near the time to play games with one another. Any act of aggression against our country will be met with equal or greater force. Ask your Joint Chiefs about my B-1's and Tomahawk cruise missiles, or maybe you should ask them what I'm doing with nuclear weapons." "Nuclear weapons!?" "I see you were unaware of the fact that not only am I capable of recognizing these weapons, they are already deployed to advance locations. Where they do pose a threat to more than half the country. Besides I know a few things about government dealings that no one wants brought to the surface." "Mr. Connors idle threats do not concern me. You will turn over

McConnell-20-America II

the base and all seized property immediately or face possible military intervention." "You mean like this," said Sebastian and two seconds later a microwave repeater station became shrapnel when the Maverick exploded. Martha looked at Sebastian and said jokingly, "That went well."

At the White House the President was rapidly making phone calls to his staff. It took the Pentagon fifteen minutes to talk the President out of launching an offensive. They did however put the military on full alert, called an emergency meeting of his Cabinet and recalled Congress from the Fourth of July break. When his wife Raquel entered the office in hysterics it took more than fifteen minutes to calm her down enough to understand her. Apparently his rebellious daughter had gone to Nevada. This put him between a rock and a hard place, to get his daughter out of Nevada he would have to deal with Connors. It was against policy to deal with terrorists but this was his daughter and he was the President. He had to call the Secret Service and see which agents if any were with his daughter on this jaunt. Boy, the Republicans were really going to have a ball with this one and in an election year no less. With that thought burning in his mind he began to walk slowly toward the large conference room where the activity level had gone up ten fold in as many minutes.

It was Martha's turn to make a phone call to the United Nations. The U.N. was hard get on the phone on a good day but now that CNN had rebroadcast her speech and nothing having been heard at the White House the lines were jammed. When she finally got through she told them we would be sending an ambassador August 1st, we had no intentions of starting a war unless provoked and we wished entrance into the United Nations. They concluded that they were unable to make any decision until all members were recalled, which would take at least three days. Three days was a very long time to be standing on a limb. He supposed it was better than thirty.

The final reports of the takeover were coming in over the radio and phone. As he reviewed them he was amazed at how quickly and thoroughly they took over. The years of planning and training, getting people on the inside and in control of political spheres of influence paid off and paid off big. Statewide they lost only fifteen men with three dozen more wounded. The civilian losses were better with only two dead and twelve hurt none too seriously. Although those numbers were likely to change as more concise information

became available.

The emergency broadcast signal could now be heard drowning out all other sound in the large underground bunker. The television in the corner by the coffee vending machine was the culprit. "Hello this is Lisa Martinez from KLTV news. We've gone live twenty-four hours a day to cover the revolution right here in our back yard. The people in charge on the other side of this fence at the Air Force base have given me their personal reassurance that the press will not be hampered in any way from reporting the news as they see fit. I spoke with Martha Washington-Connors on the phone less than ten minutes ago and she told me that the new government had no intention of changing anything except the ridiculous over taxation of citizens to support an antiquated mega beurocrcy bent on over spending. She believes that Nevadan's money should go to Nevadans', that the original Constitution forbids income taxes and every fifty thousand people should have a Representative, not over five hundred thousand as it is today. She stated furthermore that people should vote themselves on major issues of state and taxation. When I asked her how this could be acomplished she responded by saying cash machines and computers with card scanners could read I.D. cards and register votes electronically. I myself think they are all wonderful ideas but I'd like to see them in practice before I make a final judgment. When I asked her about the weapons at the base she said her husband was in full control of ninety percent of the bases in Nevada. She went on to say that they'd hoped there would be no need for more violence of any kind and most if not all government services including police, hospital, welfare and human services would continue to operate with no loss of pay or level of service. We have to break for commercials but we'll be right back. As the screen changed to view a filthy bathroom applause erupted and Martha blushed. Sebastian was very proud of his wife right then and he knew for sure everything would be all right "Ok everyone, we all know Lisa is on our side so lets not get carried away, I think my husband ought to order you back to work and leave me alone to plot my next television appearance." At this everyone laughed even Mai Lei who had brought sandwiches and soup for the men and women controlling a small air force and nation. Sebastian thought his daughter would be quite a woman when she got older. She handed him his favorite mug, filled with coffee, and a very large hot pastrami on rye sandwich, his one true vice. On the television Lisa was running through "Man on the street

reactions" most having been done in advance but they were mixed with real reactions good and bad.

One of the many things he was waiting for was a poll of Nevadans and a separate one for the rest of the U.S. They should both be in about three, and would be very important in determining their position. Another was the call from Ron Chapman with the final reports on state police, statewide county and local police refusals to work and recruits, converts; and whether there was any rioting going on in the state. "Sebastian it's Martin," called Martha. He picked up an extension and hit the button, "Martin go ahead." "Sebastian I have to start moving planes out of here, is that all right." "Sure go ahead, but if anyone wishes to stay say you will be more than happy to find them a place, or provide any other assistance they may need. I want them to know they are wanted and valued as human beings and will be very safe. Tell the airlines they may continue operations with no further hindrance excepting security concerns." "Sebastian it's Ron on two." "Martin I have to go I'll see you at the meeting. We are going to try to get started by ten." "Good luck Sebastian," Martin spoke to dead air. "Ron this Sebastian, go ahead." "Ok, first Vegas, for fifty miles out we have ninety five percent police cooperation. The other five percent are no longer a problem. The state police were around eighty five percent, of the other fifteen percent only twenty men are calling for violent resistance, the others just want out. In all but one county we have at least seventy five percent. In Reno only forty five percent offered help. We may need to send additional support up there to prevent disputes. The military is a complete surprise, all but forty three officers and thirteen hundred enlisted wish to stay on and become members of our armed forces. The reserve bases are fully under control and we are preparing road blocks and border crossings. We'll have immigration centers up and running by the day after tomorrow and any who come before that were setting up in local hotels." "Ron, I think I love you. Good job. Have you talked to the council of mayors yet and what did the governor say." "Well Sebastian I told the council of mayors this morning and all but that ass hole from Carson City were happy as larks. I guess they figure there all in for more money and power without everything going to D.C. and none coming back. The Governor hasn't called yet, I think he's out playing golf." "Well that can only mean there are no problems on his end." "He's already

under her she squatted inches from me and sat on them. "I'll poke your eyes out with my .38 special, hard Nipples"... "Maybe" I spoke coolly, turned from the bar, butted my smoke and exited the pub.

The meeting had already started when the President came into the room but it stopped when the president sat down. It couldn't really be called a meeting, until this point it was a name calling, blame laying affair. "Gentlemen bickering like old biddies will get us nowhere fast. We need to come up with a plan to get back the state of Nevada. "Have you seen the news, we're the laughing stock of the world right now and I don't like it. Furthermore my ungrateful daughter is gone camping in the dessert on one of her nature binges." "Mr. President were in very deep trouble and we all feel this is a lose/lose proposition. General Thompson has informed me that they have full air cover already in place and we can only hope they didn't send up any B-1's or were in deep trouble." "Well General, knowing Mr. Connors military record we all know there in the air, armed and ready to go." "What I and the President need to know is what does the military have as a contingency plan for this sort of thing?"

"General Boscom, Jack, for the moment we need to control the area directly around Nevada to keep this thing contained. John, I'm going to need to send you to the press. I know I should go but just tell them I'm needed for meetings and that kind of crap. Now gentlemen, I think we can all agree that there is not much we can do with the military except containment. So get the ball in motion General Boscom and report back by 6 to give me an update." "I also want you to confer with NSA on some possible solutions. Jack get those guys over at the CIA to get off there asses and get me all the information they can on Mr. and Mrs. Connors, there friends and affiliations. I want that back by 6 to so start hustling." "Mr. President, I think we have another problem that were forgetting. The state of Nevada produces 15% of the electricity in the country besides their own. If they were to shut down we'd only be able to generate that excess for 24 hours before local brownouts. There are also 5 pipe lines that supply 15 million barrels a day to a third of the country." "I don't think that should be a problem on top of the list, Linda, but try to work out some back up plans." "Dave get those guys over at the Secret Service to get a hold of my daughter and get her back into this house and don't let her out of your sights"..

"What are we doing with the airlines, we can't have people coming and going from there at will." "Mr. President, We'll look very bad if we tell 20,000 tourists a day to stay away from Vegas, especially if they're welcoming them with open arms." "All we can hope for is people will be scared to go in there because of the revolution." "I really wish you wouldn't use that word." "Well sir their using it, and that's pretty much what it is. Hiding from the idea won't change the fact that we're in deep shit. Congress won't let you have complete control in a state of emergency. We also have to worry about possible sympathizers in both the Senate and House. She is a well liked public figure, respected by many people with a hell of a lot of drive and determination. We're going to look like bigoted good ole boys if we don't treat her like our mother."

"Mr. President I've had over two hundred phone calls from heads of state since this thing started. All of them want to talk to you and they want to know what's going on." "Janice when Andrew gets back you guys over at State our going to have to stall all but the Chinese, Russians and the Mexicans. The others for all I care can watch it on CNN if O.J. the retrial isn't airing or are those militia hearings still going on? This ought to just about cripple Senator Johns chances in the election." " Well sir our chances aren't looking very good either. All that aside I think we must discuss the possibility that we may not be able to do anything more than damage control with this situation." " What do you mean Dave." " Well sir there are some top secret facilities in Nevada including several only you, the general and I can discuss. If some of the materials from those bases we're made public life as we know it would cease to exist. I think ..." One of the ten of more hot lines in the room began to ring, abruptly interrupting Dave Alexander the white house Chief of Staff. He answered and sat back down. "Gentlemen on the line just now was General Thompson he has confirmation of a B-1 taking off from that airbase over three hours ago and another one twenty minutes ago." "Now how does he have confirmation." "KH-14 sir ." "I thought that project was canceled." "It was, after they were put in orbit." "How come they weren't shut down like the others." "Well, it looks like they wanted us to see the base and what's going on there." "But." "But as soon as we tried for an alternate location they shut down the video and everything else. We are working on alternative downlink options but we have no way to get the "Realtime" video back." "I think its time to call these people and get their fingers off the button. I can only assume those B-1's are

armed." "you should also tell them about your daughter," the First Lady said as she entered the briefing room. "Dave, get them on the phone." "Mr. President I'll put them on the speaker but first I think we should discuss some security concerns." "Right Dave, you know who you are, get your butts out on them phones. I want another briefing in one hour." The President sat back and took a large bite of an already cold pizza. He knew the pizza would not sit well in his stomach and almost by instinct he swallowed two Tagamints right behind it.

"Sebastion its John on the line." "I'll take it in here, he said as he went into a small office in the rear of the control room. "John how did it go." "It was bad we lost twenty five but we have everything in tact." "Excellent John, you know what to do. When your through lock it down tight." "In process Sab, see ya' at the victory dance." Sebastion left the small office and went back for a cup of coffee. At the machine brewing a fresh pot was Mai Lei "Hello beautiful, how's it going." "I hope you know mom told me my wages were coming out of your pocket." "Yea, but at twenty five cents an hour your only up to seventy five cents." "Seventy five cents, I think your out of your mind. MP take this man to the boobie hatch." This was an old joke but it put a smile on both of their faces. Something they both needed. Sebastion patted his daughter's head and started back to the control room center where all the action seemed to be at the time. "Martha what's going on?" "There you are, we have a phone call from the President." "Lets take it in an office. Get me another extension and we'll get Ron and whoever we can muster on the other extension. I think there attitude toward civilized debate will be very different this time around." "I agree, but let me do the talking this time." "Ok. Trisha get those other party members on the line and send it in here." he said as he gave a list of names and numbers to one of the girls on the phones.

The conference room they were in was like a mausoleum but instead of coffins there were televisions in the walls. The light was down very low and the table could very well have past for an altar of some kind except for the twenty or thirty chairs around it. They needed only six chairs but this felt better. What better place to hold intense government negotiations. "Mr. President we hope this is an honest attempt for civil discussion and not another salvo of threats." "Senator Washington Connors I filly understand the need for discussion but you keeping armed B-1'S in the air is a major hindrance to any progress."

"Mr. President we will not fire any weapon unless fired upon. We only wish to be left alone to re-form a government based on our Constitution. We don't want a war." "Senator please these things can wait we need to work on alleviating the worries of many people. If you agree not to take any additional action against the United States for a period of fourteen days we will agree to the same." "Mr. President I would agree to that on condition that its extendible in length. We do not wish to engage in any military action. Our present position is one of defense and will from here on remain that way. Thank you Senator, but we have another matter that can't wait a moment later. My daughter Julia is in Nevada camping in the desert. I want her back." "Mr. President I hope you don't think we would hold her as a hostage." "No, no nothing of the kind. She's a hellion and in need of a leash tightening." "Well, kids can be a hassle, we'll round her up and ship her back ASAP." "Mr. Connors I was unaware of your presence." "Mr. President my husband and others of our provisional government are all listening. We know you are not alone either. So everyone better listen. There are things out here in the desert no one wants to know about. If we aren't left alone, everyone will know. From the most unimportant peasant in China, to the richest man on Wall street. You gentlemen would probably hang on the steps of the White House as a graphic reminder of what happens when you screw the American public." "Is that a threat? I thought we weren't going to play that game." "I'm sorry Mr. President but I want everyone to understand. We are no longer members of the United States. We are Nevadan's." "Senator please all these things can be discussed at a later date. Do I have your assurances my daughter will be returned and no military action for two weeks." "Yes, but I want you to understand that we would agree to an even longer time frame." "Well I cant comment on any of that until I consult with Congress. I don't suppose you'll be in attendance." "No Mr. President, none of our congressman will be in attendance. If that's everything sir I believe both of us have a lot of work to do. I'll have Andrew Komminski over at the state department call you tomorrow to arrange talks. I hope we can find an adequate solution to this problem." "I believe that it's possible, Mr. President. Goodbye." "Goodbye."

Ron Chapman was the first to break the silence, "That's what I call one helluva tension-filled conversation. I can only hope they're sweating as much as I am." "Well Ron, I think that they are. Martha, you handled that quite well, and I'm sorry for my

outburst." "Thanks honey. I think you better get somebody to find the brat and ship her ass back home." "She isn't going to want to go, what better way to piss off her parents. I think we could use that to our advantage with the press." "I'll make sure she gets on television on her way to the plane. I gotta go, I have a meeting with some rather dubious characters in an hour, and I haveta get over to the Circus-Circus in the meantime." "Okay Ron, We'll see you at the meeting tonight. Martha, why don't you have the organizational meeting right now and I'll get started on the President's daughter." "Sounds good to me, see ya' later love." Sebastian got up and left the room to enter the busy bunker. Across the country the President and all his men were in deep debate and argument, well into the next day.

After a few phone calls Sebastian had the whereabouts of the President's daughter, two of his men to go with him and a Secret Service agent as a traveling companion for the girl. She was only a forty-five minute ride by jeep away and Sebastian could use the time to clear his head. Anyway, the only thing he had left to do today was pick up his daughter and take her home. Then, around ten, give a report at the meeting tonight at his home. This little project was just the thing he needed, a little rest. The other men were meeting him at the entrance to the trail in ten minutes so he had to hurry. He barely noticed the B-1 taxiing to a stop beside him as he sped by. Within two hours the whole ordeal was over and he was back at home with Mai Lei who was busy making dinner in the other room.

"This is the KLTv newsscan at six. Our lead story tonight is the revolution begun in our own home state. Led by the distinguished Senator Martha Washington-Connors. The details on the reason why are still sketchy at this time, but we've been told to tell our viewers not to worry. They fully intend to hold elections within one month. From talking to people on the street, I've gotten the impression that the majority of citizens are not only happy with the change, they want to know what took them so long. We at KLTv are going to keep a very close eye on the situation. Let's go over to John in Washington for an update on the United State's response." "Lisa, Washington has been very quiet this afternoon. The President has been meeting behind closed doors with various officials since this thing began, but none has had anything to say. We've heard rumors that there are plans to use force but those sources are unreliable. We're hoping to get some answers

tonight for our eleven-o'clock broadcast but there's been no scheduled news conference from the White House or the Pentagon." "John, thanks for that report. We'll check back with you later. Now, a few messages."

Sebastian was reading the New York Times while watching the TV news. Published was a poll of one-thousand New Yorkers, on the revolution. Forty-three percent said New York City should do the same. Only twenty percent believed the United States should use force to return Nevada to the Union. Sebastian wondered if there would be any repercussions. The odds were looking better and better that they succeeded in peacefully gaining control. He hoped they would not make some of the same mistakes.

Sebastian sat back and exhaled the pungent burning smoke. His head swam with thoughts of home and his girlfriend. Only three more months in this stinking jungle, and his tour was over. In this place of death, dishonor, and dehumanization, he saw the land of the free burn this country of the poor in the name of democracy. How many times had he brought back the bodies of men killed for not.

"Dad, you're dinner's on the tray. Mom called. She'll be home in half an hour. The meeting's tonight at ten." "Thanks Mai Lei, you'd better get the downstairs ready. There'll be more than thirty people here tonight and we have to get some sleep. I've got a very big day of me," Sebastian answered and began eating.

Martha entered the house at ten after eight with more than fifteen people in tow. Sebastian led the parade down to the basement where he took Martin Prince to the side. He told him to give the military briefing himself. Sebastian made his way around the room, talking to some of the attendees. Some of these people he hadn't seen in six months since the final planning meeting on New Year's. As he worked his way over to his wife, ten more people came down the stairs. "Martha, Martin is going to do my briefing. I've got a six a.m. briefing, and I'm on my way to bed." "Sounds good to me dear, you look like you've been hit by a truck. We're only working on logistical problems with the election and immigration. I'll be up around one, I hope." Sebastian said goodnight and proceeded up the stairs. On the way to his bedroom on the second floor he looked in on Mai Lei. She was sound asleep. Apparently, she had a hard day as well. Sebastian fell asleep, even as his head hit the pillow. He dreamt he was a small boy in a large dead

forest. At his feet was a freshly planted oak, only a foot high.

McConnell-31-America II

July 5

The side of the road, the edge of the horizon, the end of the world, Monty thought, sitting on the hood of the Masserati. At seven a.m. , somewhere in Kansas he had just woken up five minutes ago, unknowing of his location. His entrusted journal, homesick, keeps his words.

Hello, morning star dust.
Hello, mother of my earth.
Hello, father of man, giver of lust.
My loves done lost,
My unhappy lover,
I cannot afford the cost.
I have awoken confused.
My undivided attention to you, my home,
I've been sick since I had left.
Today I will fly to your comfortable safety.

A cocky smile comes over Monty's rough-looking face. As he writes the last of his lines this morning.

"If ever, oh, ever a whiz there was. The Wizard of Oz is one because. Because, because, because, because...because of the wonderful things he does." "Come to the Wizard of Oz car wash. Rt. 23 to 409, Kansas City, Kansas." "I'm John Milton, comin' to ya' live from Kansas City. Come to our own Wizard of Oz car wash. They'll do it with soap and water, all for five bucks. But any ways, over to you Beth." "Thanks Milt, Today's top story here in Kansas City occurred just three hours ago at a local fast-food restaurant. It seems that twenty people were injured, and two killed in a random shooting involving an alleged local militia. The shooter and his driver apparently pulled into the

McConnell-32-America II

parking lot and while circling the building for three to five minutes, unloaded hundreds of rounds from both an M-16 and a 9mm handgun. The two then left a note pledging their allegiance to the Nevada cause. Authorities say that the Nevada Nation, which some are calling it now, had nothing to do with this random act of violence. We here at WKBLT send our deepest sympathies to the families of the two who were killed in this selfless act of aggression. Thankfully, the criminals were caught. Back to you, Milt."

It will be quite a few hours before he would see the quiet, concealing comfort of the Scranton area. But, the journey proved to be worth it the moment the airplane touched down. "Hello home!" Monty spoke aloud while staring up the stewardess's miniskirt as she sat facing the passengers, perfectly positioned for his vantage point.

Pulling through the large iron gates outside his home, Monty's eyes began tearing for the first time since he'd left. The huge roses he had delivered home for Helena's mausoleum were withered and dying on this warm July evening. The flower's fragrance though, filled the air as he passed. His Porsche looked almost happy to deliver Montgomery Joseph Risen home.

While he stood looking up at his castle, a sweet smell drifted past his nose, reminding him of Helena's fragrance.

Oh Helena, today I write my devoted love.

To you, my strong woman, I have come.

Alone within, dead without.

Along your smile, a bed of roses does sprout.

She was light with love when Montgomery flung her up into his arms and carried her through the door of their new home. He was earning a modest wage and living on base in Florida then. A newlywed, ready to bare many sons to carry his name. A powerful young man, duly decorated for his good service. Oh, how Helena smelled on a warm July night.

Skipping all but his morning coffee, Sebastian drove to his meeting with John. The they had chosen was way out in the desert. They both wanted extreme secrecy. On the drive out there he noticed nothing different in the way things looked or felt. It was as if

nothing had happened yesterday. On only the talk radio stations was there any mention of the revolution. The others were back into taped programming, and "shock-jock" antics. After fifteen minutes, he turned off the highway onto a dirt track that lead up into the mountains. He would not return for more than four hours.

A church full of people awaited in such anticipation for their parish father's entrance while quietly whispering among themselves. It sounded like a church full of mice spreading wicked rumor and telling secrets among themselves. The sounds, mixed up and jumbled, echoed from the pews, filling the ceiling with sound. The parishioners found themselves silenced when the large oak door creaked open. Everyone at once and in order turned their eyes in the direction of the large ominous door as they sat on the edge of their seats with one ear bent in the altar's direction. Their eyebrows rose, as their eyes grew larger, their mouths opened while their chins hit the floor. For some, the hair on their necks could be seen sticking straight out, and a sullen look fell over the faces of this hypocritical parish as the person whom each and every one of them came today to seek for enlightenment stepped through the doorway and proceeded toward the pearl-white altar. In his face and eyes, a sincere devotion to God, man, and brotherhood, shone through and covered his body. He had spent many hard years in various missions, toiling for the intense gratification and sense of fulfillment he felt. He was a patient, intelligent, wholesome man who loved his fellow humans. But from a pew near the back of this church, the eyes of a wicked man burned fire-red with thoughts so ungodly, a word could not fit, as were many of the eyes here. Nevertheless, the priest walked around the altar and toward the pews. When he did so, the people sucked further into their seats.

"Hello, I'm Father Martin, for those of you I have not yet had the pleasure to meet. Today I would like to talk about peace. Also, I would like to touch on the situation here in Nevada. As the church we are instructed to cast no judgment upon this situation. We are here as devoted persons of God. And Christ said: Let he who is without sin cast the first stone. I have been told to offer any personal counsel to any parishioner. As has Father Poe."

Just then, a loud crash came from the rear of the church, as Arthur Binker stood straight up and slammed his fists off the pew in front of him. "This is an outrage! Anyone

who thinks this act of treason and terrorism can just be overlooked should have their heads examined," Arthur exclaimed to the all-white in attendance, excluding Father Martin. "All you people," he went further, pointing to the priest. "If I had my way, the only time I would be visiting you is if I was in attendance at your burning on a cross. I will not be part of a church that allows niggers to handle the body and blood of Christ, and you can tell Father Poe just that," he announced, then exited the church, inciting at least three-quarters of the others to follow.

I will never set foot in another church so long as things stay the same, can you imagine, niggers playing priests. I can't get this situation out of my head. I need some kind of answer. After leaving the church, I went to Farnies, where I was served burnt eggs, toast, sausage, and coffee. That fat slob of a waitress rudely attended to my needs while I tried very hard not to have another scene. The television played Oprah Winfrey, another nigger. As I watched, I realized why I don't own one. If I had a shotgun, I would have put some buck shot through the tube.

Arthur Binker, the seventy-year-old hypocrite sips at his coffee at his table, opens his newspaper, and lights one of his Pall Malls. being an only child had left him a very selfish man, but selfishness was a trait that could easily be overlooked in regards to the core of his personality. Another day in the life of this self-centered, egotistical, bigoted individual had to pass while the rest of the world would pray for a change.

"Mr. Chapman, it's Sebastian Connors to see you." "Send him in, Lola." Sebastian entered the large office and sat down in one of the two green leather banker's chairs. He fired up the offered cigar "How's it goin' Ron." "well Sebastian, for a Sunday morning things are pretty busy. But there's no panic. There was a riot overnight, nothing really nasty. I talked with the govener and he told me that there's heavy traffic on the interstates in and out, mostly out. " "That's to be expected. What about the general public, and can I get a cup of coffee. " "Sorry Sebastian. Lola could we have some coffee in here. " "What about the casinos. " "The MGM is booked solid, most of the others are near full. The owners committee called me this morning at eight. Once I told them no more income tax,

they said "If you need anything at all just call and we'll be more than happy to assist." There going to offer free airfare with a three night stay and five night minimum." "The people will be lined up for months. I was out to see John this morning near 51. Everything out there is being moved around a bit. Otherwise, it presents an easy target. There's a couple of things I want to hide around here, pick them up at my house tonight." "Sure, how's Martha doing with the Constitution." "It should be in final form for election day, August 1st. You should know more about it than me your on the committee. Besides, I have a military to run," "That must be tough four wheeling out in the desert, sitting around here drinking my coffee and smoking my cigars." "Very funny Mr. Mayor, is this a new golf machine." "Yes it is. Keep your hands off, last time you almost took off my head." "I can't stay here and play games with you all day, I have to go run some simulations on the base computer. I'll see you later," Sebastian said as he shook Mr. Chapmans hand and left the office.

The smell of steaks grilling greeted Martha as she open the patio door. " Mai Lei where's your father. " "He's upstairs taking a shower. He should almost be done. " "I am done," He said and kissed his wife. The sun was starting to go down when they sat down to eat. The conversation was as placid as their surroundings and long before it was dark. After washing the dishes Sebastian joined his wife in their bedroom and slept well past church and into the afternoon.

The 14 days after the truce were like a cool summer drought. It never got hot enough to start a fire but if it did, things would burn. Besides, the talks that were going nowhere. Everything else was back to business, expect immigration. Fifteen hundred from California, five hundred from Arizona, two thousand from Utah, one thousand from New Mexico and another four thousand from the rest of the country. Their were more and more each day. Unemployment dropped to record 1.2%. Business was booming and the casino's were booked solid for the next three months. The United States government was in a shambles. The politicians were more concerned about making each other look bad than settling this issue. Most surveys showed little or no interest in any action.

July 11th

It's been one week since the desecration of the state of Nevada and it seems the United States has been brought to it's knees. The radio never sleeps. Day in and day out the opinions from Nevada are scattered throughout the radio stations. Everything is topsy-turvy. I believe Pandora's box has been opened and soon the seven trumpeters will be sounding the coming of judgment day. I'm afraid it's time to get out the sheets. Oh Lord, please give me a sign.

An orange glow encompasses the streetlight scattering shadows on the street where Father Anthony Culvert resides. A dog barks in the distance as rain begins quenching the dry dirt in an empty planter outside the good Father's window. Inside at a large oak desk a bottle of Mad Dog 20/20 also quenches the dry cracked lips of his eminence. The walls are covered with religious pictures and artifacts. His office phone rings loudly shattering this silence and the conversation begins.

"Hello Anthony, It's Artie. Have you spoken to Billy yet?" "Yes Art, I have." "Well, what did he say?" "He wants to get together with the Cardinal tomorrow to discuss these matters." "Tony---, Does he know the Cardinal's position?" "No, but he thinks he a man who could help the cause. Although, it's going to take a while to get to Rome if you know what I mean." "Tony I just don't know how long I can sit still. This is my home state. The longer we sit back, the harder, if not impossible, it's going to be! The cloth is almost as slow as the government these days." "Art, you have to understand my position, I'm doing the best I can. I agree with you entirely but we have young revolutionists as well. There are a lot of priests who are on the verge of causing quite a few ripples in the church and the word is in Nevada we can expect a lot of trouble. It's a big business and the way it looks it might go bust. Not for awhile, I'll give you that." "All right Anthony, I'll be in touch," and the phone hung up on Arthur Binker's end.

After hanging up I returned the call to my daughter Victoria. The conversation was stimulating to say the least. After getting through the topic of a woman in the P.T.A. she had been trying to set me up with we got on to her husband. Being as thick as a stump he

McConnell-37-America II

backed over their two year olds foot with his 69 Chevy " The Blue Goose " dubbed by myself. I'm glad I wasn't there or I'd have to give the dumb Pollock a slap in the face. Although, I shouldn't say that, he's a sick man. Why my daughter married that guy is beyond me. Must have been a touch of her mother in her. God rest her soul, she was ill as well. I remember taking my wife and her mother to the shrink for a meeting. Afterward, the doctor called me in and asked me why I couldn't get along with these people. I'm loosing track. After Victoria finished with her usual childish topics I sat in silence for a moment realizing she had yet to mention the situation of the nation.

"Victoria, stop. I have yet to hear anything from you on what should be the most important subject being you have young children. You know you can talk to me." "We'll Dad, I really don't think you want to hear what I think about that, but." Arthur clenched the receiver and sunk into his chair as the infamous " but " alerted him for a shock. "I personally don't care what anyone does so long as Larry's checks keep coming in from somewhere. I'm so tired of everything, it makes no difference to me if the whole country is black so long as we eat." Mortified Arthur sinks further as several small beads of sweat gather behind his ears and his tongue becomes thick and frozen. "Victoria have you seen my Ren and Stimpy slippers. Channel 23 is airing a ten day Gilligan's Island marathon. I bought twenty VCR tapes at the 99¢ store, their showing every episode!! " Victoria's husband Larry yelled from the kitchen where he had been making a honeymoon sandwich, lettuce alone. Arthur hung up the phone.

After ten days Sebastian realized there would never be any military action to retake Nevada. The surrounding states of Arizona, California, New Mexico and Utah refused to allow a military buildup on their territory. Texas went so far as to say they believed that Nevada had at least the right to due process suggesting the issue be put in the hands of the voters. When this was decided on by the Nevada provisional government the United States agreed to extend the truce another fourteen days until after the election.

6
July 25th

At precisely 6:01:32 p.m. PDT, the ground beneath California's San Andreas Fault moved more than forty feet. Within fifteen seconds more than half a million people died and the city of Los Angeles was brought to the ground. North Ridge was like a plate rattler compared to the 8.9 biggie. It was felt as far away as Las Vegas and Seattle. The news coverage began almost immediately with video from a traffic chopper. The city was flattened, more than ninety percent of the bridges and buildings collapsed. Fires were burning out of control in half the city. Large groups of people were wandering the debris of what was, LA. Out by the Ocean the story was much worse. The water had rushed inland several miles in some places, crushing everything in its path. Debris and bodies were floating between the spires of buildings not destroyed. Jets of burning natural gas shot from the water like pillars from hell, igniting anything that washed by. The chopper began flying out towards LAX. Everywhere they looked was destruction, it was beginning to get dark, the haze and smoke was so thick.

"John can you see any emergency personnel helping the injured?" "Linda, emergency response is sporadic at best. Some of the hospitals were destroyed, and with the numerous building collapses across town, the roads are all blocked. I don't know if any help at all is going to reach them." "John, we'll have to get back to you. We have another report from up in the mountains." "Linda, we're on the ground here at what used to be a major highway. Landslides have buried the roads with two hundred feet of mud. The story is much the same across the entire region. We are more than twenty miles away from downtown, and the destruction is nearly as complete. Some of the ground around here has heaved more than ten feet and nearby a drop of fifty or more. Have you heard any news about forthcoming assistance? They could sure use some around here." "Sorry, Juanita, most of the phone lines are down across southern California and New Mexico. We haven't received any communication regarding assistance---" The newscaster was interrupted by an aftershock that apparently knocked out their broadcasting system. In the blink of an eye, the view changed to Dan Rather sitting comfortably in his chair behind the anchor desk in Washington. "Ladies and gentlemen, we'll try and get that back meanwhile we'll pause for

McConnell-39-America II

these messages."

Church was good today and it relieved some of my tensions. For the first time in years, the wonderful feeling of God surrounded my body as I walked from the church steps. It left me remembering under the shade of a large oak at the curbside.

My mother's hand was warm on my mittens as we stood outside St. Catherine's Church in Pennsylvania, waiting for Uncle Samuel's casket to be taken from the wagon. Uncle Samuel fell sick but refused medical attention, suffering for several years, and proclaiming, "What the good Lord wishes, I shall pursue." I remember him a quiet man with wisdom. After leaving the services we all gathered together in prayer. Since that day I have never felt so elated.

Everything seemed so orderly for once. The procession went well, the coffee at Farnie's was fresh. Even the Tastykake krumpets weren't past the sell by date. I spoke with that young waitress in length, my usual pain wasn't there, and I didn't even trip over the curb stone in front of my house. In other words, everything was in its proper place.

Then it came, a sign. On God's words, it came with fire and fury. It spoke to every good white man with ears to hear and persons and things in places shook somewhere unknowingly inside. Until it came crashing down, with so much rage, that it took the guilty to damnation, and the innocent to more holy white places than their deepest dreams could ever imagine.

By the next morning most of the fires had burned out. The pictures coming out were no better than the night before. The city was destroyed and the damage estimates were already in the trillion and up category. It did not look like the L.A. basin would ever recover from the devastation. People were moving away, long lines of walking wounded were leaving the city, as assistance was slowly coming in. Only two roads were open to vehicles into the city and only one runway at the airport was usable. It took all night to clear the wreckage. The two foot deep crack was filled with dirt, and an Airforce C-5 brought a mobile Air Traffic control station along with three disaster response teams.

McConnell-40-America II

Most of the aid that was coming in was from Nevada and not the U.S. government. Aside from the original C-5, only two others with heavy equipment aboard landed all day. The California National Guard was on full alert and units were dispersed throughout the decimated city. Tent cities were beginning to sprout up across the countryside and many people were beginning to board buses for points east, happy to escape with their lives and the clothes on their backs. Arizona, Utah, and Nevada began building large refugee centers. Three-quarters of a million people from southern California had left the state, some not even affected by the earthquake, but in fear of others. Hospitals in California were at 200 percent capacity, and any hospital within five hundred miles had at least ten quake victims in their emergency rooms.

In Nevada, Martha Washington-Connors gave a speech in which she promised immediate aid to anyone affected by the quake who moved to Nevada. She pledged one hundred million in aid from the state and the casino authority to help in the rescue of trapped persons, their treatment and transportation from the area. Over the next five days, the election in Nevada took a back seat in the effort to save those still trapped in rubble.

July 28th

Three days have passed since the quake in California. I haven't left the house since. My daughter called that day, crying for Larry's parents, who resided there. I tried to console her by telling her of their passage to Heaven. Although, myself, I never really cared for the people anyway. The conversation reminded me of the time her dog got run over, so many tears. Nevertheless, I wasn't really listening to her. My mind was wandering.

The victory party was in full swing at the pub in France. A thick cloud of Opium and cigarette smoke floated at eye level. A three-piece band (drum, piano, and sax) played Dixie by request for the boys of company 52. On a small stage, a voluptuous blonde flung her naked leg across a table, caressing it as men shoved franks in her garter and threw coins to the stage. A jovial bartender chuckled loudly as he poured a thick, dark beer into a frosted mug, bringing it to a perfect head then slid it down the varnished oak bar top.

McConnell-41-America II

where it was caught by a muscular hand. As he lifted the mug to his lips, the dancer made her way to his side, and another girl with dark black hair threw a curtain open and stepped flirtatiously on stage

Arthur, with his delicious beverage in hand, was startled as a set of cold fingers and sharp painted nails made their way around his neck, down his muscular arm, and into his beer. Licking the hardy foam from her fingers, she spoke, "Would you like a date tonight, honey?" If there were ever a night for celebrating, tonight was it.

The click of Victoria's phone hanging up on the other end woke me from my daydream. I hoped I didn't offend her. How I wished times had never changed. Where did things go so wrong?

It has been three days since the sign, and now that nigger queen Martha Washington looks like a saint since she announced that any Californian in need of assistance can count on Nevada for full support. She went on to say that anyone in need of shelter can rest assured that a roof and food will be provided. All them niggers will be moving in now. Feelings are mixed, but it seems most Californians are swinging towards Nevada due to the lack of assistance from the U.S. It is only a matter of time though, the Lord will prevail.

The United States government on July 30th announced it could not pay for the reconstruction of L.A. Outraged at the inability of the U.S. to come up with the money to assist in the cleanup, "The Nevada Approach," gains momentum. The President holds a news conference to explain reasons for FEMA's lack of resources. He sights the Oklahoma bombing and increased urban terrorism along with numerous natural disasters over the last five years. Also states military buildup around Nevada as reason for lack of military assistance. Many news agencies begin to call for withdrawal of U.S. forces against Nevada. Pressure to do just that is mounting in Congress as well. A vote to repeal the state of emergency was scheduled August 10th, and the current consensus is, it will pass without too much trouble.

July 30th

I threw my Lithium away ten days ago, wanted to be clear of mind for the inevitable.

Disrupted from his writing by the telephone, Arthur answers. "Art, it's Anthony." "Yes, Tony, how's it going?" "Well, I spoke to the bishop." "And," "Well, we are playing a waiting game." "A game?! You're playing a game! Tony, do you realize what we're up against? Do you know--" "Art, settle down. The bishop said better news may be in a couple of months." "A couple months! Tony, I am heartily sorry for having offended he, but I can't wait any longer. I need some names. We have to come in numbers." "Art, my hands are tied, lips sealed, my ears deaf, but I am not quite sure that what we have done decades ago was the religiously correct thing." Upon the sound of Father Anthony's last words, Arthur Binker shivered, then slowly returned the receiver to its cradle.

Polls across Nevada showed Martha Washington-Connors winning the election by a landslide and others across the country suggested a run for U.S. President. Her popularity in the southwest had doubled after the quake and in California they loved her. With the new motor voter in place for this election the turnout was expected to be high. The issue most watched was the referendum on secession. A two thirds majority of registered voters was needed to finalize the revolution legally.

All of the major news networks we're going to run continuous election updates between continuing quake coverage. The resulting circus in Reno made a Friday night Vegas adventure sound appealing. With the recent influx of Californians the population in Reno had jumped by about twenty thousand people. Needless to say real estate of any kind was scarce. Apartments went so fast they never made it to the paper and houses were selling in days of going on the market. Construction starts were up over three hundred percent since last year. This boom was happening across the state and most towns were rapidly expanding their populations. The resulting economic growth was just beginning.

Election Day

7

The dusty musty attic proved to be a difficult venture for this man's lungs. The edges of his silvery white receding hair sparkled as thin beams of light piercing the darkness inside the roof giving him minimal lighting. With his chest heaving in the one hundred thirty degree air he crawled on his knees sweating profusely, until he reached an old wooden box. Dragging it back to the hole in the basement floor and down the ladder a pile of dust fell into the air choking Arthur. Gasping for air he flung the box down and ran to his bathroom, where he threw water in his face and on his chest. His eyes were dilated and silver instead of blue. The loss of several pounds of water weight and dark rings under his swollen eyes were the earmarks of a wired man.

The lid of the simple looking box creaked' wearily open on it's rusty hinges revealing a luxurious red velvet liner. Inside, a white silk material with gold and silver stitching filled the box halfway. Like a mother cradling her child Arthur gently unravels the fine silk robe. Within the hood which he puts on once again.

The smell of burning wood tickled Arthurs nostrils as he ran through a field with his shotgun. "Run nigger run!" he hollered and let loose with both barrels. Terance Johnson would never see the light of day again. Arthur thrilled with killing his first nigger ran all the way back to the large oak where his friends were just hanging the remainder of Terance's family. "Hay did ya' git' that boy Artie." "Sure did Tony, lets burn em'." "We'll burn em' all as soon as these are done swingin'."

Sebastian awoke to find his wife already gone. At breakfast he and Mei Lei discussed video game strategies. The both of them were avid techno junkies and spent many hours together in front of their home computer and 3DO system. This mornings conversation was one of golf. He needed some pointers for his two o'clock golf excursion with Colonel Mitchum but since Mei Lei's experience was only virtual, he was in trouble. On the

computer he was a great golfer but birdie's are what he knocks out of the trees. well, he should let the Colonel win anyway. He does most of the work while I cavort about campaigning. Thank God that's over in a few hours. He and Mai Lei on the noon news and he wasn't looking forward to it. They had to be there an hour in advance for make-up and hair styling. Mai Lei was exuberant about the hole idea and couldn't wait to leave. By nine she was done with the dishes, dressed and ready to leave. "Mai Lei we can't leave until your mother calls. I have to talk to her about the summit in two weeks." "Well Dad, did you ever hear of a car phone." "Yes I did, you ever hear about privacy." "Yea, I have yet to see any though." "Very funny, now either get on back upstairs or sit down and relax. We've been like two puppets at a twenty-four hour carnival and I'm glad that T.V. appearance will be my last for a while." "What about the victory celebration tonight at the MGM." "Well that won't be campaign bullshit." "You better watch that language. I'm going upstairs, I'll be waiting with my ear to the door, call me when your ready to leave." "Get out of here you little rug-rat," he answered and returned to his paper.

Twenty minutes later his wife called. After a brief five minute conversation he and Mai Lei were on there way into the city. On the drive in the traffic was very heavy. Rush hour was over but it still took them hour to get to the news station. Mai Lei and Sebastian were split up during makeup so he wouldn't see his daughter again until the interview which only took three minutes. Immediately afterward, they were shuffled away and shown the door.

Heading for the country club where he would spend the afternoon Sebastian dropped of Mai Lei at her friend Faith's house. Faith was an obnoxious child, at least in his opinion, but she was Mai Lei's best friend. On the radio an update on the election showed 80% of those voting were for secession. Martha was also winning by nearly the same margin. It looked to Sebastian that he was now going to be the first man of Nevada. He was looking foreword to a couple of gin and tonics followed by four hours of knocking the ball around with the Colonel and two gentleman from the casino authority.

A parking garage would extend accommodations to Arthur's 1968 Dodge half-ton pickup truck. As he struggled from his vehicle the thought occurred that it might be near time to retire her. The pickup hauled this anal individuals ass forty-five thousand

sorrowful miles but she looked especially radiant as he pondered this thought.

Nearing the pedestrian ramp the sounds of the street sung horrifically with horns, sirens, screams and an occasional gunshots. Louder and louder this symphony of chaotic sounds droned in his ears until he could barely think, not as if he could anyway. As he marched through the groups of people, his only destination a pawn shop, a woman dressed in night clothes exclaimed, "Hey grandpa...want to get your cock sucked!! " His eyes never strayed until he reached a storefront with large red letters readin "Pawn Shop".

At seven p.m. Martha and Mei Lei joined Sebastian at the victory party. He was dressed in a tux and Mei Lei was wearing a beautiful green evening gown. His wife on the other hand looked haggard from a long day split between running a country and trying to make the job last longer. The dinner was fine prime rib or roast duck. Sebastian had the prime rib and was still nibbling at his plate when Martha began her speech. She discussed many different plans that would be implemented in the next few weeks and some that would be terminated. After a brief questioning period the party turned thankfully festive. He and Martha danced together for the first time since new years. Mei Lei was entertaining some state officials over by the bar when he and Martha decided to leave. Martha had been up since four a.m. and was looking very tired. After explaining to everyone that she had to get up and run a country tomorrow they left.

Martha and Mei Lei were asleep by the time they hit the highway. The forty five minute ride home was a time of reflection for Sebastian Connors. It was all worth it, the men that died for our cause were vindicated today at the poles. Most people were as upset at the government as we were. He wondered if the nation would fall apart like the Soviet Union. He imagined that more states would follow, but hoped that one day in the future they would again unite. After arriving home he woke his family, got them to bed, worked out in the gym, and took a long hot shower. A light midnight snack and then he too fell into a sound restful sleep.

The next day a government began to form from newly elected officials and the state government that was already in place. Attention once again returned to L.A.. One week from the quake there were still places that hadn't been searched due to inaccessibility. The stench of corpses had driven off anyone without a respirator. It is unknown if there is any

monetary relief for rebuilding. some parts of the city may have to be covered as mass graves. In one square mile of one of these areas they estimate forty five thousand dead. They have begun to bring in some heavy equipment but no one knows what's going on. Most are just looking to get out, many feel they have been hung out to dry. In the end twenty two square miles were covered for a nature preserve in memory of the victims.

As events in California wound down, high level negotiations were scheduled to start in Washington on the twelfth of August. Due to recent events it was believed to be in regards to a non-aggression pact and possibly the opening of diplomatic ties. Relations with other countries have been much more civil and a vote was due in the United Nations, for admission, by the end of the month.

I didn't know where I was. I never knew we could reach this point so fast. Any doubt I earlier expressed was erased last night in what I can only call "Sodom and Gomorra" !!! If I hadn't donated my old rifles to the town museum, figuring I'd never have any use for them my conviction for this Divine plan may not have been so strong. It was a filthy dirty place of Biblical proportions, drugs and whores everywhere. Niggers flourished in this jungle and the wicked enterprised from temptation. I believe that, that, the wicked town is Lucifer's left eye. The day is upon us oh Lord, you I know will prevail, casting fire and brimstone down destroying every wicked place. And I, shall be obedient, doing my just cause. I purchased a 10mm pistol. I thank the Lord my God for showing me the horror. As I left that awful place I tore the rearview mirror from the windshield of my truck fearing I might be tempted to look back.

The phone rang off the hook today. I figured it was my daughter, so I didn't bother to answer. Everyone is against me. It seems that I'm the only salvation in this situation. Everyone is just laying back like nothing is going on. I bought the month's worth of food and essentials. I will remain here in silence and wait for an opportunity to spring from the bushes. I feel enlightened and overjoyed all at the same time. He has chosen me to carry such a sacrificial cross.

Felling gaseous in his stomach, Arthur went to the bathroom where he spoke more eloquently to the toilet bowl than he ever did to another human being. After returning to

his reclining chair he rested the cool barrel of the 10mm pistol against his chest and fell into a deep sleep.

The homecoming of the United States army in Nevada was glorious. Everyone in the state gathered to welcome and congratulate the young soldiers who were returning home from the war in Europe. The women jumped high on their men and kissed them for what seemed like forever. Mothers cried happily and fathers stood proud. Confetti filled the air like snowflakes as the band marched in welcome and remembrance through the streets. It was a place and time none wanted to end or forget. Arthur greeted his mother and father proudly as smiles broke over their faces and all held each other. Their baby had come home. Oh, he proved to live a discouraging life.

Nevada began allowing immigration from Mexico and Cuba and all other nations, in a rate not to exceed 2% population growth per year. Home life in the Washington-Connors household returned to somewhat normal with Sebastian in his home office, simultaneously running the military, Washington-Connors aerospace, and his daughter's summer vacation. His wife put in eighteen hour days preparing for the September 1st transition from provisional government to elective representative government, along with preparations for the summit with the United States and the United Nations vote. Mai Lei, at the age of thirteen, had quite a busy life as well. She ran the household for her parents and would probably become quite a business woman. Most of her time she spent by the pool with her friends, or helping her father in his office. She couldn't wait to go back to school in the fall so she could get away from all this work. Things were beginning to slow down across Nevada again, and that was good because nations are a serene place for people to grow and prosper.

On the 11th of August, Sebastian and Mei Lei said good-bye to Martha on her way to two major political events in which she was a player. They would not see each other for several weeks and Sebastian was somewhat morose. He and Mei Lei ate at McDonald's on their way to the movies before heading home. It was the last night they would spend together alone until after she went back to school.

The next day while on the phone with Martha, she told him that she expected the pact would be signed on the 15th. It was only a matter of final wording. Apparently, they're broke and must withdraw their forces. They needed our help and couldn't afford to alienate us. They also want to put the issue in the November general election and Martha run as a candidate for President. He wondered what some of the final wording would state. He imagined they would want some assurances that secrets would remain that way. That wasn't a problem for the time being but he hoped in the end there would be no secrets. Many times he had seen people die for secrets.

Later, when Mei Lei came home, they celebrated their success with a small barbecue in the backyard. A few of their friends came over and they partied well into the next day. In the morning, Sebastian awoke with a killer hangover from way too much merriment the night before. He knew it would take several hours since he felt anywhere near normal again.

Around noon, Sebastian attended an awards banquet for some of the men involved in the takeover. Numerous awards for valor were given, some posthumously. After the ceremony they enjoyed a small dinner in the officers' club where they exchanged stories from the takeover. "I remember crawling eighty meters through a sewer line to sneak into that place and here John drives right through the front door and gets them all riled up. Well, I'm there stinking like all hell, stuffing them all into trucks and getting them out of there. Let me tell you, them special forces boys were lookin' a little pissed off as we put 'em on a plane and sent 'em home to mom," and so on the stories went until Sebastian had to leave making up some excuse about Mei Lei needing a ride to a doctor in town.

After driving home Sebastian worked out and showered. He was about to lie down for an afternoon catnap when he received a call from Ron Chapman. He had to deliver some papers to his office and would need to get them there by eight this evening at the latest. Ron told him where to find the paperwork in his wife's desk and after a few minutes searching, he had located the documents. On his way out, Mei Lei was coming in. He told her not to wait up for him, he'd be back by midnight and he would call someone to come over and stay with her.

The day began like any other, but at the end, the world had changed. Not many people noticed or cared. They were unaffected by the signing of a non-aggression pact between the United States and Nevada. The great nation of America had split for the second time. This time there would be no civil war. A vote in the fall would determine the fates of these two nations. Martha Washington-Connors would run for President in the U.S. general election. In the pact, the two nations agreed to help one another along with agreeing to continued negotiations on a strategy to rejoin the country. The United States also agreed not to block Nevada's attempt to enter the U.N. The actual signing took place in front of hundreds of reporters. The news coverage varied from a few lines in an editorial from a local newspaper to in-depth discussions on live TV of the socio-economic impact of this division.

Sebastian flipped through the channels watching the circus. His mood was one of humorous disgust. The incredibly stupid comments of some of the guests and anchors was to say the most ridiculous bit of news casting he had ever seen. This, after O.J., Nichols, and that nut that cut off her husband's penis, this was one of the many reasons for the revolt. The sorry state of the judicial system along with reduced morals have spun the country into an incredible mess of TV talk shows about transvestite love and skinhead violence mixed with latchkey drug-addicted children and inept parents concerned only with themselves. Thank God, something was going to be done to end the hypocrisy that was America. Fed up, he turned the TV off and threw the remote into a chair in the corner on his way out the door. A few hours out at the base would calm his nerves. He hoped, as he drove out the driveway and on to the base.

August 16th

A large deck overhanging a forty foot cliff face supports Montgomery Joseph Risen as he sips on a dry Martini, enjoying the brilliant colors of August. The dusk's skyline colors swirl round and round mingling each color of the prism into a kaleidoscope pattern. The soft white billowing clouds suspended overhead looked comfortable to Monty as he poured another drink from his bar with just one drop of LSD. After hours of flying, Monty stretches out in the lawn to watch the star show as Pink Floyd played "Comfortably Numb" on the stereo. Like an unwelcome enemy the telephone rang!, breaking his concentration.

"Hello!" he irately hollered into the receiver. "Okay. Eight-thirty. See ya there." The call was from alias: Jason Melbourne, a messenger from Secret Affairs somewhere in West Virginia. Monty was to take a plane from Avoca to Virginia and on to his final destination (Secret Affairs office 1220-A, disguised as a water purification plant) by five p.m. the day after tomorrow.

I wonder what my uncle needs?

He'd better pay me well indeed.

I wonder what Sammy needs?

Indeed, indeed, indeed.

Monty wrote laughing as a meteorite sped by then disintegrated off the horizon leaving multicolored trails across the night sky. He wished and stayed awake the entire night.

The flight to southern Virginia went fast while Monty stared out the window most of the way. He got a room in the small town of Harper and ordered a taxi to deliver him to Coast Link Purification Company by five the next day.

They had a swell setup at Coast Link. They were actually able to run a highly top-secret covert operation and purify waste water at the same time, all under the noses of hundreds of thick farmers, imagine that! He chuckled and shook his head as he watched several employees from town go about their jobs as three Limousines and Monty's taxi

McConnell-51-America II

drove up with bodyguards and suits. As he approached the door, a large guard greeted him with a hospitable escort to his next destination. Following the guard into an elevator which took them deep into the Virginian soil to the fifth floor where he was nudged through the doorway and into a small corridor. On the opposite side, a single steel door with translucent chicken wire glass for a window automatically unlocked as He drew near. Inside the room a single desk and chair sat under the low light of a lamp. The floor was gray, the walls were white, and a large two-way mirror the chair did face. As he entered the room, he quickly swung around as the large steel door slammed and locked behind him. "Sit down, Montgomery," a voice exclaimed through a pair of cheap, tinny, crackling speakers in the ceiling. Monty did so, thinking this would be his end. When the government gets its use they usually retire their seniors because they either know too much or have big mouths.

"Mr. Risen, you have been asked to come here by orders of persons far greater than the President. Do you understand?" "Yes sir." "This will be by far the toughest, most important mission you will accept. How do you feel about this?" "Very good, Sir, I'm up for a challenge. Things have been getting quite boring, if you know what I mean, Sir." "Very good soldier, now if you will observe the television overhead." Above the glass, a panel opened revealing a 27-inch Sony hi-fi television. "I'm sure you have been keeping up with the media concerning the situation in Nevada. If you haven't, here's a brief recap." Several scenes and news broadcasts showed the summary of events from the takeover of the state of Nevada to the earthquakes and numbers of people moving from California and other states into Nevada. Also, the U.S. acknowledging that FEMA had run out of money and aid due to the disasters during the past year in the United States. The Nevada elections were also shown, along with several pictures of Martha Washington, once Senator, now President of Nevada. The figures of their military possessions and weaponry including satellite photos of all military installations with one distinct photo standing out in Montgomery's mind, area 51. As the images continued, Mr. Risen listened. "The secrecy of this operation is of the utmost importance. That is precisely why we are conducting the briefing in this manner. You will be escorted to your quarters and re-escorted back here for four days during your briefing. Then you will be set up with the proper papers and credentials, and sent to infiltrate Nevada, understood?" "Understood,

Sir!" Monty answered, then followed his escort to the bunk where he would catch some sleep. The LSD was just beginning to fully wear off, and Monty would sleep.

Sebastian awoke on the 21st of August with a bad feeling. He was unaware if it was an immediate problem, but he had learned back in 'Nam that if you get a bad feeling you'd better pay attention to it. The first thing he did was look in on his daughter. She was sound asleep and would probably remain that way until he forced her out of bed at eight. Next he called his wife in New York, but she was in a meeting at the U.N. and couldn't be disturbed. He called Ron next and by the time he had hung up the feeling had passed. There was nothing wrong at Ron's end, Sebastian chalked it up to a bad dream that he couldn't remember.

At noon his wife called. She had just finished her schedule for the day and was on her way back to the hotel. She told him the meeting would probably be over by the 25th with a vote from the full committee on the 29th. This was somewhat bad news to Sebastian because it meant that she would not be home for her daughter's first day of high school, something they had all been eagerly awaiting. But that was life when one of the parents was politically motivated. He knew that in a few months things would calm down and his wife could begin to once again be a large part of both their lives. He told her that he loved her, and hung up. Today was beginning to look like a wash so Sebastian shut off his computer and went in to break the news to Mei Lei. She was unhappy her mother would not be there, but would nevertheless go anyway and celebrate with her when she returned.

After spending an hour out by the pool with Mei Lei Sebastian went to the business end of the military base. There were some flight tests he needed to supervise. They were testing a new plane that had been designed to fly at sustained speeds in excess of 4,000 mph (mach six). The tests had begun months ago, but today was the first day they intended to do full-throttle acceleration testing. The engines in the new plane were dual-designed Ram Turbines, and although this test was done hundreds of times on the ground, this was the first time it was to be attempted in flight. More than an hour passed before the plane took to the air. At low speed the plane was barely controllable, a result of having no wing. After it crossed mach one and the Ram portions of the engines began to produce power, the plane began to move like a ballerina dancing on the clouds. As the

acceleration testing began people donned ear protection. The sonic booms would be loud.

On the first pass the throttle was moved from 20% to 40%. On the ground you could see the instant the throttle was moved. The plane shot white-hot plumes of exhaust from the rear and raced forward at mach four. The next pass was even more spectacular at 75% throttle. The plane exceeded the mach six hoped for. On the final run, the plane would slow down to just above takeoff speed of 200 knots or 15% throttle. Then give it full throttle for three seconds and pull straight up continuing with full throttle.

On this pass the true nature of the plane was revealed, at the pull-up point a thirty foot long and two feet in diameter pod was released, simulating an all low level nuclear attack. After releasing the pod and pulling up the plane accelerated to 6.3 mach and reached 70,000 feet in a little under thirty seconds the new world record.

Sebastian was very pleased with the YB-30's performance, and after about twenty minutes for the body to cool enough for the pilot to get out he congratulated him and retrieved the data recorder from his suit pack. Four hours later with the debriefing and the encryption of the data complete, Sebastian headed for home.

The sun had already set when Sebastian pulled into his driveway. Inside, Mei Lei gave him a tongue-lashing for not calling. Dinner was cold but he was glad to be home. The day was over and nothing really bad had happened, but he still had a nagging feeling something wasn't right. The feeling followed him to bed, but slowly subsided over the next few days.

After four days of intense briefing, Monty was escorted to the local airport flew to Nevada, and passed through immigration where he was accepted for full citizenship and given a trial security job at the Las Vegas International Airport. Head of the Las Vegas International Airport security Alvin Theodore, a negro, recognized Monty's credentials immediately and assigned him to a probationary position in the important persons' protection group. Alvin reminded Monty of Jack, and Monty wondered where Jack was staying now. He imagined Jack would be in favor of the Nevadan cause being the proverbial "revolutionary" he is.

August 22nd

With California joining the new nation the airport has been packed with civilians and my job grows nerve racking to say the least. I don't have time to take a shit let alone figure out how to get closer to the objective. Alvin informed me though, that Martha Washington would be coming through our port on route home following her being sworn in at the UN. With some luck I might be able to make first contact ahead of schedule. I saw Mei Lei on the television the other day she looked so pure and sweet like candy in my mouth. Little virgin, little girl. I'll make you scream.

I have been given three weeks to make first contact or I will be treated as a traitor. But, If I bring the dog its bone they will decorate me with treasure and words like a general. It's funny somehow, I used to love my country but all I love now is my reward. They have got me spoiled.

Montgomery puts away his pen and paper, turns the light in his one room efficiency out, and drifts away into the blank space of his subconscious mind. Meanwhile, the world for the people of the United States is in turmoil. Money is down, taxes are up, moral is low and their citizens are unsure. But, for the people of Nevada life has begun anew and they look forward to this better place called "America II".

McConnell-55-America II

The alarm woke Sebastian with a start and for the next few seconds the remnants of a dream slipped away. It was a very disturbing dream. A large forest was burning out of control all around him but there was no smoke or heat. The crackling of the flames sounded like gunshots coming closer and closer. He could not remember any thing more and in the next few minutes would forget it completely.

After a shower Sebastian went to the kitchen to make breakfast which he would eat while watching the news. It wasn't quite six, so he got a brief look at some sports and local bullshit before the cycle started again with the top stories. The top story was still the same as the night before. A drug bust gone bad in Miami Bay. A speedboat carrying two tons of cocaine fired three rocket-propelled grenades killing nine people. Four of them were in a helicopter, the others in two separate boats. The second boat sank and there's still one person missing. Police are looking for four suspects armed and extremely dangerous. The speedboat was found abandoned, with only the cocaine on board. The FBI, ATF, DEA, and the local police are all participating in the investigation. The boat was believed to have picked up its cocaine cargo from a small trawler 75 miles southeast of Miami. On its way back it was picked up by a Coast Guard plane and when it refused to identify itself a chase ensued with boats and a helicopter. The boat managed to get to the entrance of the bay where they used the RPGs to punch their way into the inland waterway where they escaped.

Sebastian was amazed at how much time was spent on the story this morning. All they did was change one interview and add in another from last night. He was really beginning to dislike news coverage like this. It was blood and violence. There was no substance, just show all the worst possible clips you could find. He turned it off and put on Bugs Bunny and friends.

When the paper came at seven he paid the delivery girl and gave her a big tip. It was the only way to make sure your paper was always neat, dry, and in the box. Otherwise it was usually in the hedges. This only took Sebastian two weeks to find out, after one of the neighbors clued him in on the secret. Now that's how to earn a living. We'll probably

have to put something out for Christmas as well.

After the funnies and the cryptogram he woke Mei Lei and proceeded to gather his things for the drive to drop her off at school. After which he had a meeting with Ron about some new government offices that had to be placed and opened. But the thing he was eagerly anticipating was his wife's return at three p.m. He was meeting her at the airport and was already planning an evening of romance and relaxation. After dinner Mei Lei was leaving to go over a friend's house. A romantic dessert of cherry cheesecake by candlelight followed by a hot and steamy bubble bath would be capped by an evening in each others' arms.

These thoughts drifted through his head all morning, all else was only inconvenience. At Ron's office he daydreamed through the meeting not saying anything more than "hello" and "good-bye". Similar to anything much anticipated the time dragged on. He found himself constantly watching the clock. He didn't want to arrive at the airport too early or he would end up being mobbed by reporters, so he cruised around the city until two-thirty.

On the way to the airport Sebastian saw two young girls hitchhiking. He hoped Mei Lei would never be so dumb. There were too many unbalanced people in the world today. The thought did not occur to him that the two young ladies could be most unbalanced and he picked them up.

Their names were Champagne and Stevie, two exotic dancers, or so they said. They were on their way to Reno for a job and needed a ride to the airport. By the time he got there, he had wished he'd never met them. Even though they were somewhat attractive, they were severely lacking in the brains department. One was a junkie, the other gay. He was thankful they were not going to the same terminal and dropped them off without a word. Stopping for them had not only been stupid it made him late and he had to rush. He parked the car and ran into the airport, stopping only to show ID. He reached the gate at 3:07 only to wait for forty-five minutes while the plane circled in a holding pattern. By now the place was a media and security circus. Sebastian had to fight to maintain his position close to the door. Thankfully her staff came out first pushing back reporters. When she came through the door they kissed, the cameras flashed, and the questions began. After answering a few questions on the run they reached the outside, got in the car and could finally speak to one another. "Hello beautiful lady, how was your flight."

"Perfect except for the press. I think they believe we are upset with the UN decision to postpone for a year." "Well, it would have been nice to be in. Never mind that, your daughter is driving me nuts with cute boys and algebra questions. At least with you home I won't have to hear about the boys. I don't know if I can handle her dating when she turns fourteen. Can't we push it back until she's twenty four." "Well, I think your being just a little overprotective. She's quite mature for her age and quite frankly I wouldn't mind letting her go out with boys now. It's only three months until her birthday." "Please I'm going to need at least that much time to come to grips with this. Now shut up about the whole thing were almost at the school." "We have to stop by the base after we pick her up. I have a package to get." "It can't wait until tomorrow it's already four thirty and it is half an hour away." "No, it's a new controller assembly for one of the engines on the YB. By the way, the Air Force was asking a few questions about that when I was in Washington. They want to know if we would be willing to sell them some when Production begins." "You know that's funnie. We will, we have a lot to.. A good portion of the Sub assemblies are built in other parts of the country." "Hello mom," Mei Lei said as she got in the car. From then on the conversation was mostly relaxing silence.

After pulling into the garage the family was finally home for the first time in two weeks. On the way through the house Sebastian turned the lights on and the phones off. They all needed some time away from the world and if there were an emergency he could be reached on the cell phone. After dinner Mei Lei left right on cue. She was allowed all weekend with mom for his night alone, tonight. She figured she got the better deal. Sebastian would have a weekend full of work any ways but didn't bother to tell her. The plan went perfectly and after making love four times Sebastian slept like a baby in his mothers arms. There would be no strange dreams this evening.

The streetlight stands tall lighting the way for any passer by, on schedule the evening bus blows the stop sign precisely at eight o' clock. Like clock work the neighbors could be faintly heard arguing, the crickets chirp the same as the night before. Nothing has changed overlooking the small section of a small town where Arthur Binker lies awake. With his eyes wide open he stares off into the nothingness of his wall. Voices and music echo through his head. A young girl laughs playfully, A German Shepherd barks variously, the

sounds of the VE day crack his smile, his wife says I love you, and his daughter announcing her engagement. The conversation with her future husband left a lot to be desired. Alone in his house left to listen to the silence of his mind, he is unaware of the millions suffering in the so called "free world". If there were ever a selfish man this man is one. If there were ever a good man this man is not, despite his ego. So he laid there listening, wondering, and visualizing the murder of Martha Washington. Over and over the vision of unloading the entire clip of his 10mm into her black heart etched its way deeper and deeper into his mind. And she would be appearing on September 4th in that most unholy of towns Las Vegas.

A weak fluorescent ceiling light buzzes giving only a small portion of a large warehouse visibility. Stacks of dark ominous boxes cast dim shadows across the floor where two men stand whispering amongst themselves. The silence is broken when the sound of a chain rattling across steel catches their attention. At once the blinding lights of a stretch limo and three Caddies flood the warehouse where two men are sliding the large steel doors open. From the shadows six other men join the previous two. The clatter of twenty four dress shoes (some wing tip, the rest usual dress) echoes around the huge space followed by the wondrous sound of new Caddy doors closing. The herd in double file made their way into the dim light. With secrets and power, half were wealthy men. The others guardian angels so to speak. The crates though, being nailed together tightly and shipped from several different locations stood no taller than the tallest man. Don Frank Capavelli, was possibly the richest most powerful man in America. Somewhere in Syracuse New York he would make a most secret purchase. To the others being of Colombian decent he gave a half cocked smile and extended a hand with shallow greetings. This would be the largest purchase the Don had made in the past five years. Don Frank wasn't intimidated by the Colombians. It seemed the best thing to lure them to his aid. It could not have been a better night he thought as he tore the lid off one small crate with a crowbar and gazed down at the m-60 wrapped in newspaper. An enormous roar of a laugh captured his whole body as he stood shaking with laughter looking at a headline reading "The Takeover".

A sparkle of sunlight reflects off the polished barrel. It's curves and deep grooves give it a powerful yet decorative design. Thirteen babies tucked comfortably inside its clip wait anxiously to be thrust into society. From their tips to their tails, each one identical, they point in one direction waiting to be ejected into their hosts barrel. And a host could not be found more suitable, nor could its carrier. The white crew cut hair also glistens in the hot September sun. A black tank top and kaky pants cover his old, withered body. His dilated, bloodshot eyes are fixed on a small target in the foreground. From a army issue canteen

he slugs a large mouthful of water then discharges all fourteen shots from the 10mm.

I hadn't fired a hand gun in forty five years. It felt great. Surprisingly enough, I had better aim than ever. The sheep along with the animals shall all be sacrificed in the name of you God. You will be able to sort through the mess. Those who are white and walk on two legs shall be spared, and the others being of four will be cast down through the dirt where they belong! The hour of the Lord grows near. I have been given eyes to see and ears to hear, by the most holy of discussions with him I shall obey. Wonderful visions grace my eyes and lovely music I hear when I lie down in bed at night. I am building my mind and body accordingly. Should I be told the hour, I will act. I have all but forgot my name but I am still aware of whom I am and where I have been. The good, honest, God willing ways I have traveled and persons I have tried hopelessly to affect. I remember my wife, she was so ill. I remember accusations of me not being able to understand, if they only knew. I remember fighting the Lords wars when the niggers invaded our lives. Everything has been unstoppable up to this point. I realize now that I am the candle which must melt the seals of our time. It will be only three years past the turn of my century when the earth will be finally cleansed of all pestilence. When I finish my service to the Lord I hope to reside at his right hand in death. If I partake into this deed of your service, please oh Lord take me away swiftly there after. This my gift and pact with you, I will always be a righteous follower. I am not worthy to receive you but you have said the word and I shall be with you.

As Arthur Binker finishes the last sentence in his journal a loud pounding on the door shakes this tiny house. "They aren't going to get in here," he thinks as his daughter hollers for him through the solid oak door. Sneaking carefully around to the window he peaks through and spies Victoria and Larry on the porch looking stupid. After a few minutes standing there dumbfounded the two shrug their shoulders, mumble a few words and scamper from Arthur's hovel.

September 4

The Congress was to be seated today at twelve noon. The company was short and work began almost immediately. Much Legislation was needed just to finalize plans already in place from the provisional government. At five p.m. a ceremony was being held at the municipal park to dedicate the Nations Flag, which would be hosted by Martha Washington Connors, the President. The day was perfect for an outdoor event. Like most days in Vegas it would be hot, dry and beautiful. Sebastian wasn't looking forward to the event. He and Mei Lei had to be there in full diplomatic regalia. Which, for Sebastian meant at least a suit but he was instructed to wear his tux which would be very unpleasant in the hot sun.

After returning home from picking Mei Lei up at school they both dressed and headed for the ceremony. It was only three thirty but they had to be there early. The drive into Vegas was uneventful except for a two car accident on the other side of the highway. From what they gathered on the radio the outgoing side was backed up for miles. When they arrived they parked in a VIP section set up behind the stage. Most of the news crews were still setting up their cameras as Sebastian sat broiling in his tux while the crowd began to filter in.

Oh, the dirty thoughts, to horrible to put on paper, as Monty coveted Mei Lei. But she was young, pure, and dark with girlish features still conforming into puberty. His eyes shifted away then toward her while trying hard not to gawk. It was too hard to turn away he thought watching her walk close to her father mimicking his movements. His trousers got tighter around his waste as thoughts of her at home with him aroused the beast. The soft small features, tiny feet, silken skin, and long jet black hair could not be overlooked as Monty stood mesmerized by her presence.

Sebastian guessed there were probably three thousand people in the park, very near

McConnell-62-America II

capacity. It was beginning to cool down a bit, while the sun was going down behind them, as Sebastian overlooked the extremely devours crowd. People of all ages and races were here as it should be. There was a woman with her child standing up front next to a well built dark haired man. Next to them an Asian, Japanese, and an American Indian.

His wife had just arrived and was making her way to the platform shaking hands with people as she went. Most of the reporters stayed well away from the President now that she was an official function of her office.

In full United States Army dress a man stood in the crowd of three thousand listening to the black female president giving her dedication to the new flag speech. His back was straight as if to salute, his arms and fists pressed firmly to his side, with a proud bursting chest he inhaled the filthy air. Through his eyes a soul emerged, his soul. A soul filled with hypocrisy, ignorance and true gluttony like no other. Visions danced through his head, of his homecoming from WWII and VE night, the birth of his daughter (a very sympathetic memory of his), and countless other nerdwell information being released into his conscious mind.

She reached the stage sitting down next to Mei Lei and Sebastian. Ron Chapman stepped up to the podium and began his intro. The crowd was still clapping and yelling so he had to restart a few times until they quieted to a minor din. "Ladies and Gentlemen, we are here to dedicate a flag for our new nation. But more so than that, we are here to dedicate to a new country our new President. I think I better turn it over to you Madam President the natives are getting restless," he joked and the crowd burst out laughing.

The sight of Martha Washington coming up to the podium after Ron Chapman's introduction didn't even capture the slightest attention from Monty as he gazed entranced by Mei Lei sitting with her legs crossed mustering every ounce of ediquit she could. Her soft pink with laces left shoe tapped nervously but conservative causing him to gulp back the saliva in his mouth. He twitched unnoticed, his hair tingled and a thin layer of perspiration evaporated quickly from the back of his neck making him shiver.

"My dearest Confederates the last time a flag was dedicated in succession it was in defense of slavery. We have finally thrown the bigotry of that era behind us. We are equal an God is pleased. We have ended an age of unequal opportunity, all shall reap the benefits of freedom and prosperity," she began and the crowd clapped wildly.

How could this thing speak such words as to speak for the Lord like she has met him. How does this animal decide what's good for the rest of the world. What does she come from and does she not know that I can identify her as Satan, the devil or Lucifer and everything he stands for. The intermingling of the white children of God with that of which came from beneath the dirt. She is but a figment of an evil worlds imagination. An empty vessel in which to carry the wicked words and soil humanity with her obvious black body. She will burn in the pits of hell, Arthur went on thinking as he listened to her speak.

Mei Lei's lips moist and colorful like a strawberry were painted a conservative pink. Her tiny eyes batted together like butterflies as she shifted around in her seat, she was perfectly beautiful. Monty now sweating profusely continued staring.

"People let us join together and pledge allegiance to our new Nation. Let us sing praise of both God and Country. Let us unfurl this new flag. The opening of a new chapter in the history of humankind. The age of cooperation and understanding. But most of all, the age of love for the common human and his ideas. For we are all but one race, The Human Race."

One race, the human race. One race, the human race. One race, the human race... the words echoed through Arthurs head as he drew blood with his fingernails in the palm of his hand. The clapping took several moments to subside but when it did Arthur could hear no more. Watching the three thousand people cheer in silence with only a low hum somewhere near his inner ear Mr. Binker went over the end.

The flag was brought to stage in a procession of military and police honor guards

McConnell-64-America II

followed by three boy scouts and three girl scouts carrying it. The crowd opened up before them allowing passage. Music from the first revolution playing in the background was quite out of date but still kind of fit in. When they reached the stage Martha and the six children went to the flag pole and started attaching it to the rope.

The faces are twisted. Is this what it really looks like oh, Lord. Monsters, devilish distorted faces, am I the only good one? They mumble unrecognizable sounds and move with false security. Father is that you? Arthur slips further.

"Ladies and gentleman I dedicate this flag," Martha began as she raised the flag. "And our new nation as your representative, I do this for you, our children, and those yet to come. That they live happy and prosper in our great nation," she spoke eloquently while the scouts began tying the rope to the flag and pole. "People, brothers and sisters, may I say,

As he noticed the children attaching the flag Monty removed his eyes from Mei Lei to be captured on television. At least first contact will be confirmed, he thought.

Sliding his hand into the suit jacket he grasped the pistol and unsnapped it from the holster. then drew the gun pointed it at Martha screaming "nigger" as the crowd shuffled away from this crazed old man.

"GUN!!!" Martha screamed, and the scene unfolded.

"A GUN!" like instinct the words didn't even have time to register in Monty's mind as he thought, "Mei Lei" and began to run toward Arthur Binker.

Sebastian reacted without even thinking. Time had slowed down the instant his wife's inflection changed. The word, gun, sounded like it took an hour to say. While pulling his gun, he knocked Mei Lei to the ground and covered her body.

Bright blinding light left Binker without sight as he rapidly squeezed all fourteen bullets away from him. Several returned rounds ripped through Arthur's sour flesh as his unaimed shots found their own targets.

Martha didn't panic when she saw the gun. All she could think about was telling Sebastian it wouldn't happen this way. Who was this old fuck? She wondered if her death would stop the movement. How many people like this were after her. She could hear the screams mixed with shots.

As he dove in front of Arthur the ninth bullet pierced Montgomery's skull in the front and came directly out the back. He lied there conscious for only seconds reaching out for Mei Lei.

Sebastian sighted the man with the gun aimed and fired with no remorse, something he learned in Vietnam. He saw the dark haired man from the corner of his eye, take a bullet in the head. If he had not thrown himself so courageously in front of that bullet his wife would have died. The old man was twisting in pain from the rain of bullets.

Martha fell to the ground and turned to see Mei Lei and her husband. Thankfully, he didn't appear to be hurt but she was worried about Mei Lei.

Spread to symbolize the crucifixion on the ground, Arthur felt no more pain as his riddled stinking body bled profusely and visions of his childhood on the hill carried his consciousness away.

Sebastian fired his last round and the bullet found its mark. The gray old man's head split open like a coconut and his ignorant bigoted existence had almost ceased.

Arthur Randolph Binker lay face down in a puddle of brain and blood and thought, "Boy its hot...".

The shots had ended when the old man fell to the ground. Martha reached Mei Lei and was happy to see she was just a little shook up and bruised from her fall. Sebastian got up and made his way to the man who saved his wife's life. He knew he'd be dead but had to thank him anyway. When he reached the body to his surprise the man was still alive. "Ron he's alive! Get an ambulance down here pronto. This man's a hero," he yelled but Ron had not gotten up either. Running to his friends assistance he could see the blood pouring from his compatriot. Three holes in his chest gurgled blood. Sebastian could hear an ambulance siren in the distance and hoped it was coming here. He began to break down and cry when he heard the last breath of air escape Ronald William Chapman's lungs.

It's a bright wonderful morning back at my home in Pennsylvania. I am enjoying a hearty breakfast, reading the paper while sipping at a cappuccino. I am playing Bach, Die Konzerte fur 3 and 4 Cimbali while I relax comfortably. Walking atop my deck I notice the air being rather fresh and pleasant this morning. slowly treking through my home, to the basement door and down the steps, I feal confidant that she will be pleased with the accommodations. The florescent lights flicker on in the observation room revealing this sweet strawberry. Tied about the ankles, Knees, waste, chest and neck she had already proved to be the toughest yet. from the top of her forehead down her Tony nose, across her supple lips and over her petite chin, down her luscious neck and around her tiny nipples, across her navel and all over her thin pubic hair I visualize the movements of my hand driving myself inches from ejaculation. Just keeping her here to look at seems to be enough to get me off. If only the sirens would quit...

When Martha walked over one of the policeman drew Sebastian's attention to her. "Ron is gone Sebastian we have to get out of here. Mei Lei and I are going with Martha to the base. I think you'd better come with us." "No, I'm at least going to see that gentleman safely to the hospital, he saved your life," Sebastian answered pointing to Monty.

The police and military had finished clearing the park of citizens but the TV people were different. The networks had broke into normal programming the second shots were fired. It had only been five minutes since the whole thing broke out but it seemed to

Sebastian like days had past. Across the nation people watched the tape, of the courageous mystery hero take a bullet for Martha Washington the president of Nevada, over and over again. Although the paramedics weren't so keen on the idea, Sebastian would ride along in the ambulance with this so-called hero. Unintelligible words slurred from the hero's mouth.

Anchored beneath the warm hearted assurance of my broken-down bedraggled quilt, gazing angrily into the shiny black button eye of my joyless brown teddy bear, a false beam of yellow light violates my small shoddy room all but engulfed by the lonely dark. I am listening to my father bellow after each blow to the body of the woman who bore me. as I slowly descend from my perch, where my feet meet ice on the linoleum floor, I remember later writing:

His eyes were fire red, as tears dripped from her lips.

Mother pressed to the floor, choked by his grip.

Slipping on her blood, he released his awful grip.

Momma' laid in the corner, knowing she'd been whipped.

The ride to the hospital only took ten minutes but Sebastian was afraid the man wouldn't make it in time. He was amazed the man wasn't dead already, figuring that he would be a vegetable any ways, as he saw blood oozing from two holes in his skull. He knew men in Vietnam who died from far less of an injury but nevertheless he hoped he would live.

On the way into the ER Sebastian was stopped by some nurses and could not continue on. He decided that this would be a good time to contact his family and find out what he could about this unfortunate incident. In his hands on an ID. badge the name of their new nation's first hero Montgomery J. Risen, stood out in bold black lettering. For some reason the name sounded familiar...

Hello Atlantis!

before the oceans peaceful knowledge,

had sunk into the sea.

but shortly after Aphrodite,

kissed her last to thee.

Behold, our ignorant shortcomings,

I wish to return overridden by these.

Through this aqua world I descend to become part of thee.

Only by my soul this day I be judged to enter the gate,

for words have no meaning here but to project unwanted hate.

A single drop of rain fell on to this arid road where the earth imbibed it, until it grew full. I am standing on the edge of one such crevice staring intensely into the dark murky water. Several bolts of lightning lit the darkened overcast sky as the valley resounded with a clap of thunder. Then a darkness fell over my surroundings. Suspended in the vacuum of a vast space. I am hearing a soft comforting voice somewhere out there.

Fire, distruction, disease, and famine all perceived from inside an enormous oval cloud rising off the horizon, blotting out the sun, and painting the sky black. Silence, leaving nothing in my ears, until I hear light and color. Then, a whisper, crying, laughter and horrible lustful sounds being chanted by an infinite number of agnostics beneath the cracks in the sand under my feet. I'm running, my heart is pounding, my feet are bloody, sweat is burning holes in my already chapped lips as joyous tears gush from my eyes. I'm gaining no ground on the distant oasis in the middle of this wasteland. "Helena!" I try hard to scream unable to hear myself...